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PINKIE PANSY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY HENRY HUTCHINS, M. D.

I thought all my dreamings were over,
That I'd done playing madman and lover,
That an iron-clad-hearted old rover
I surely had settled to be;
But alas! that a girl's simple greeting
Should startle my heart into beating,
And send the blood flowing and fleeting,
For what's Pinkie Pansy to me?

I've traveled the climes and the oceans,
Experienced the various emotions,
Have known quite a score of devotions,
And the end has been ever ennui;
But now 'tis a new thing, this feeling
That over my being is stealing—
I fear I am hurt beyond healing,
And what's Pinkie Pansy to me?

She's not quite as fair as a flower,
She hasn't got gold for a dower,
Nor yet intellectual power—
She's weak as a woman may be:
Yet she makes, I acknowledge with sadness,
The most seem a baldness and badness,
And the future to think of is madness
With—what's Pinkie Pansy to me!

Alas! for my standard o' beauty,
For my measure of brains and of duty,
And my mind runneth ever on booty,
Like all of my kindred that be:
Poor fool, with no soul 'bove a dinner—
Well I know 'tis the pureness within her,
Yet I cry like a miserable sinner
To gauge Pinkie Pansy by me.

A plague on the foolish endeavor—
Should I study it ever and ever,
In spite of my brains I should never
Creep out of the great mystery:
I'll act like a man and a lover—
A word, and the struggle is over;
'Tis done—and now I discover
That Pinkie is something to me.

STELLA NEWTON;
OR,
LOVE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mark me, Antonio, when a bad man smiles
Be sure some honest heart must weep.
For there is that within his triumph
Which sets a field of pain.

As if in mockery of her pure trust in him, Louis' voice at that moment broke the silence; for, as his well-known form leapt the old gate and came into the moonlight, he cried:

"Stephen, where are you? Are you ready?"

Sir Richard glanced at Stella as one who should say:

"You see; it is only too true. He thinks you safe within his clutches."

Then, as Louis came upon the group, and stopped to stare with incredulous astonishment, Sir Richard advanced towards him with clenched hands and compressed lips.

"No, sir," he cried with well-feigned passion, "your ruffianly tool is not ready. He has failed in carrying out your vile orders. Miss Newton is safe, and under my protection. Scoundrel! your scheme is frustrated!"

Louis stared at him, then advanced to Stella.

"Miss Newton—Stella, what is all this? Why are you here? Sir Richard Wildfang, too! What does it all mean?"

Sir Richard, with an anxiety not disinterested, interrupted him hastily:

"It means, sir, that your villany is unmasked, that Miss Newton knows you now for what you really are—a base, criminal adventurer."

"Stop!" said a voice that was Stella's, yet so unlike—so dreadfully, quietly calm—that it might have belonged to an automaton. And with an expressive gesture, motioned Sir Richard aside, and, advancing, confronted Louis with white, drawn face, and dark, accusing eyes.

"It means, sir," she said in regular, metallic tones, "that one you had succeeded in deceiving is now undeceived; that one whom you taught to love you has now learned to hate you; that one who would have given her life to purchase you an hour's happiness would now give her life to secure your punishment. It means that from a trusting girl you have transformed me by your baseness to an insulted woman. At this it means, and this alone more, that, having escaped your mercenary clutches, the woman you attempted to deceive has learnt the bitter lesson of a wasted love and a wasted life. Go, sir, from my path forevermore. Should you cross it again—beware! I shall find some means of resenting the insult of your presence."

Then she let the hand fall which she had raised in denunciation, and turned. Louis stood for a moment white and statuesque with astonishment, then he passed his hand across his forehead, looked up at the clear sky to assure himself that it was not a dream, and held out both hands imploringly.

"Stella! tell me what it all means! How have I wronged you—how deceived?"

Stella turned again, her face lit up with passionate scorn.

"Would you have me recite the story of your vile plot? Is she asked humbly—"from within your own heart, and read in its baseness the reason for my accusation!"

Louis drew himself up to his full height.

"This is madness," he said. "Vile plot—baseness! of what do you accuse me?"

"Of the vilest dishonor!" said Stella, confronting him. "Do you ask for proofs? Seek them in the confession of your tool and accomplice, who has sought safety in flight; seek them in the evidence that remains—that carriage!"

"Accomplice—carriage!" repeated Louis. "Stella, that carriage—I, when, I beseech you!"—For Stella had taken the arm which Sir Richard had in stern silence offered her, and,though stung through all his soul by the sight, Louis still spoke calmly and humbly.

"I have heard too much of your honeyed words; they can deceive me no longer!" said Stella coldly over her shoulder.

"This much you shall tell me!" exclaimed Louis, springing forward, his face white with passion, his teeth clenched and his eyes blazing. "And I ask it from your false lips, Sir Richard Wildfang." And as he spoke he grasped Sir Richard's arm. "How came you here—both of you, and you?"

"Ask your own conscience," said Stella, faltering for the first time. "Did you not write me a letter?"

"I did," said Louis.

"Enough!" exclaimed Sir Richard. "He confesses his baseness. Leave us, sir, if you have the slightest vestige of honor remaining!"

Louis drew himself up, and, casting a look of scornful contempt upon the all-anxious face of Sir Richard, appealed to Stella.

"Miss Newton, do you also say 'go?'"

"I do!" said Stella.

"You cast me off—forever?"

"Forever," said Stella.

He said not another word, but, crossing his arms, stepped from their path, and watched them with set, stone-like face until they were lost to him round the curve of the road. He watched them after that for the space of five minutes, then he turned and walked with slow, measured pace up his own carriage-entrance.

He slowly climbed the broad stone steps up which he had, so short a time ago, and so proudly, led his beautiful Stella, and, with the same indescribable expression of concentrated, deadly calm, pushed open the door and entered the antique dining-room.

He stood before the fire musing for a few moments, thinking of all he had lost and the mysterious, inexplicable manner in which he had lost it; then, without a sigh—his sorrow had not really that distinctness yet—he walked into the studio.

A light was burning there, and the marbles seemed to grin and mock at his misery and loneliness, as with folded arms and absent air he walked round the room and looked at them.

"Here in this room," he murmured, "I held her against my heart. Here her lips—so false! so cruel!—told me that she loved me! Here the sweetest happiness my life has ever known fell to me. Blessed be the room—I enter it never more. Those blind eyes," and he swept his hand across the sightless marble faces, "shall see no misery, no other love-scene here! I swore to break them, one and all, if we were parted. We are parted, and I will keep my vow."

As he spoke he took up the heaviest mallet, and, with a passion utterly indescribable, struck first at one beautiful face and then at another, until the room was filled with the noise of falling marble, and the fragments themselves, as they dropped and rolled about his feet.

With the mallet in his hand he went into the garden, made his way to the shrubbery, where they had talked so long and joyously, and raised his destroying mallet before the face of a statue which he and Stephen had only that day set up there.

It was the statue of the mother and child which he had worked at so enthusiastically, and which he had placed on that very spot in accordance with Stella's expressed wish. But as the mallet was swung back a twinge of regret and remorse struck across his soul, and with a sigh he let the mallet fall to his side, gazed up at the plaintive face of the mother, and murmured:

"No; it is sorrow and despair itself. It shall stand!"

Then he flung the mallet from him, and, with drooping head, re-entered the house. With the same calm self-possession which had settled upon him as snow does upon a mountain, he ascended the stairs, and, entering the room slowly and methodically, put on his overcoat and heavy walking-boots.

Then he descended again, went through every room, locked every door, and, flinging the keys into the farthermost corner of the studio, left the house as desolate and silent as he had found it on that Christmas-eve upon which he had met Stella—his beautiful, cruel and only love—at the little wicket.

When he got clear of the grounds he stood for a moment and looked back at the Vale, which was all alight in the clear night, and at a steady, swinging pace started off on the London road.

For some few minutes Stella and her companion and protector remained profoundly silent.

Every now and then Sir Richard's dark eyes took stealthy glances at her face, but its expression was not encouraging. Stella was still as white as the snow and as hard as the frost.

Her eyes were bent upon the ground, her lips compressed. The hand which held her wrap round her was clenched hard and fast as marble upon her bosom. Altogether, she was as statuesque as Louis, whom she had left watching her retreating form. But as they neared the Vale the little frost of despair, broken love, and disappointment wavered and began to thaw.

Her lips trembled, her hand unclasped and clasped again spasmodically, her eyelids quivered, and Sir Richard, glancing stealthily again, saw a tear slip from under the lowered lids and fall upon her pale cheek.

Then he thought it was time to speak, and, having learnt his part most thoroughly, he commenced to take it up at the point at which he had been compelled to drop it for a while.

"Miss Newton—Stella," he murmured in the softest, most dulcet tones of sympathy. "Do not let your gentle heart distress itself. The cause is not worth a tear! Think how mercifully you have been permitted to escape a great misfortune. Remember what a vile plotter you have been rescued from, and look more hopefully, and—dare I say?—thankfully upon the future."

Stella turned her pale face to him.

"Sir Richard," she said in a very low, flattering voice, "I am grateful to you, though I cannot show it. I know from what you have rescued me—from a life of misery, chained to one who would have smared me for the worthless dross which has clung to me like a curse! Oh, that I had been the poorest peasant on earth, rather than my wealth should have tempted him to such baseness."

Her tears fell fast, and she turned her head aside.

"Do not think any more of him; he is not worth a thought," pleaded Sir Richard. "He will never cross your path again. You must forget him."

"Forget him!" said Stella with a bitter smile. "I shall not be permitted to do that. You forget that I have to meet a mother's just reproaches. I am justly punished for deceiving her. But, alas! that punishment will be severe."

"You fear, Miss Newton," said Sir Richard, more softly than ever. "Why should you give her unnecessary pain and anxiety? Let me enjoy the happiness of taking the responsibility of this night's events."

"You?" said Stella, half shrinking from him.

"Yes, I," said Sir Richard. "Do you remember the promise you gave? Though it was a solemn promise, I would not have reminded you of it now but that by so doing I may be able to spare you pain."

He paused for a moment. Stella turned colder even than she had grown in the moment of her belief in Louis' treachery.

"Remember how I have loved you, how patiently I pleaded, how patiently I waited. Had that scoundrel proved all you could have wished him, all he ought to have proved with such an incentive to virtue as your love, I would never have spoken of my love to you again. But now, dare I hope that you will pardon me if I remind you of your promise? He has proved himself to be unworthy of your love—dishonorable, mercenary, base, vile. You will keep your promise?"

He bent over her as he breathed the words in his softest, most musical tones, and gently but firmly took her cold hand. She let it remain in his, passive and icy.

"Your promise," he breathed. "You will keep it?"

Stella looked up at the sky and around at the snow-clothed park with a wild, helpless, despairing gaze. What shattered her fate, now that her heart was broken?

As well marry Sir Richard, whom she disliked, as another. All men were one to her now—she dreaded, distrusted every son of Adam, now that the prince of them all had turned out to be but a fiend in the guise of an angel!

"I will keep my promise," she said in a faint, low voice.

Sir Richard bent over her hand, and pressed his thin lips upon it.

"Heaven bless you!" he murmured. "I cannot thank you; my heart is brimming o'er with happiness."

Like a wise man, he said no more. They reached the Vale, and Stella entered the hall. Mrs. Newton came from the drawing-room, white with anger and anxiety.

"Stella, you wicked, wicked girl, where have you been? I have—"

Then she stopped suddenly as she caught sight of Sir Richard, and stared from one to the other.

"You are alarmed, no doubt, my dear Mrs. Newton," he said, coming forward, in his quiet, soft-pocketed way, and with his calmest, most placid smile, "Miss Stella has been taking a moonlight stroll in the park, when I had the happiness of meeting her."

Mrs. Newton turned to Stella, who smiled a dreadful, ghastly smile, and slowly ascended the stairs. Then Sir Richard gently led Mrs. Newton into the dining-room, and, with a smile of triumph that was not all feigned, said in his silkiest whisper:

"My dear madam, congratulate me! Miss Newton has promised to make me the happiest man in the world!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

He buys an empty casket, from which
The jewels rare are rifled, who takes
A woman's hand without her heart.

The snow had gone. Winter had given place to Spring. In place of hoar frost and east winds, soft dews had decked the fields with diamonds, and gentle breezes waved the buds and blossoms. Town was full, the country deserted.

Down at Heavithorne both the Hut and the Vale were shut up and silent, and the deer rambled fearlessly round each, and couched upon the paths which Lord Felton and his love Stella, who had driven him from her presence, had walked side by side and heart to heart.

That same Stella—the same and yet not the same, if internal change counts for anything—was in London, again the belle of society, and again pledged to marry the wealthy and powerful Sir Richard Wildfang! Changed indeed was Stella!

Those who had in the previous season deemed her proud, now declared that her hauteur was unbearable; and Mrs. Newton, the wily mother who had succeeded in selling her daughter to the best advantage, was not excepted from the cold, unexpressed scorn with which the beautiful girl seemed to regard men and women alike.

With scrupulous consistency Stella went through her round of duty, neglecting nothing and pleading no weariness. Balls, concerts, picture-galleries, she was present at all, always under the guardianship and in the possession of Sir Richard Wildfang. So little was her face the index of her feelings that Sir Richard himself, as acute a reader of faces as any on the habitable globe, was puzzled and perplexed by it.

Had she forgotten that moonlight night when he had thwarted the foolish idiot of a sculptor?—for so Sir Richard always designated Louis Felton in his thoughts—or did she still remember and cherish a secret regret and remorse? If Sir Richard could see behind the calm, self-possessed face of his bride elect, all the rest of the world must of necessity fall. As for Sir Richard himself, he was calmer, more placidly self-satisfied than ever.

Round him, in the commercial world, wall-known firms and houses once of high repute tottered and fell; but the house of Wildfang & Co. stood unshaken, looking down like a Colossus or a Sphinx at the crumbling ruins of fair names and high names which were strewn at its feet. The world looked on and bowed down to his wisdom and sagacity with more admiring suppleness than ever, and new companies toiled, schemed and diplomatised to obtain his name upon their prospectuses.

Perhaps Mr. Dewlap, the confidential manager, could have undeceived the world, and stripped the feathers from the golden owl; but Mr. Dewlap was the discreetest of his class, and looked on with closed lips and meditative eyes, while he watched the world fall down at the feet of his master and worship.

There were some keen-sighted men who said that the immense weight of business which Sir Richard's shoulders supported was telling upon him; that his face had at times a slightly weary and overwatchful expression, and that the smile, which ever, as of old, sat upon his face as a sunbeam rests upon ice on a cold January morning, was a trifle, a trifle only, overstrained.

"But what wonder if it should be so?" they exclaimed in a chorus, and the little signs of thought and calculation only added to his popularity.

No man is a hero to his valet, and perhaps Sir Richard's could, like Mr. Dewlap, have played the part of iconoclast. He might have told of sleepless nights, of measured pacings across the luxurious bedchamber, of startings from sleep and mutterings of a woman's name—Lucy!—of the violent groan with which his master—half asleep—greeted his appearance one morning, and the wild words:

"Take the child away!"

But the valet was as discreet as Mr. Dewlap, took his wages, dressed his master to perfection, and—most valuable service of all—held his tongue. And Louis Felton—where was he?

Ask it of the wilds of Corsica, the plains of Nevada, of any of the out-of-the-way places of the uncivilized globe, and they could answer better than the fashionable world of London, which knew him not when he was in its midst, and knew not whither he had gone now that he had departed.

The man Stephen Hargrave had also disappeared. There was a report in Heavithorne that a face and form like his had been seen passing through the village on a cold, gusty night; but the report was only partially credited, and the majority of the good, simple folks firmly believed that he had delivered himself up to the malignant power to whom, in pursuance of a long-standing treaty, he was due; and they would have let him slip from their memory even more quickly, had his name not been usefulin scaring disobedient children.

"STELLA NEWTON."—Sir Richard bent over her extended hand, and pressed his lips to it—the warmest caress he had ever dared to bestow.

To tell a willful child in Heavithorne that Stephen Hargrave was coming to eat him if he did not reform produced a marked improvement in his behavior.

So the Spring wore on to Summer; and one morning Mrs. Newton, entering the breakfast-room, which was flooded with the June sunlight, sighed mentally, and, glancing at Stella, who was toying with a scrap of toast too small to satisfy the hunger of a London sparrow, said:

"The heat is unendurable already; what will it be in another month's time? I really think we'd better go down to the Vale."

Stella looked up, and across her face there flashed a sharp spasm of pain, just such a fleeting look as touches the face of a man who has endured a blow upon an unhealed wound.

"To the Vale?" she said listlessly, relapsing into her old attitude of meditation.

"Yes; have you any objection to urge? You generally have; or, if you haven't, you look as if you had."

"I have no objection. I do not wish to go, but that is an objection not tangible enough to prevent us," said Stella in calmly measured tones of the most profound indifference.

"Exactly," retorted Mrs. Newton with greater irritation, and an increased complaint in her tone. "That is what I complain of. You appear to care for nothing. You go here and you go there as if you had no choice in the matter. When Richard ——"

Mrs. Newton always spoke of Sir Richard as familiarly and proudly. Stella scarcely ever mentioned his name, but, if she did, she always gave him his title.

"When Sir Richard proposed that we should go to Normandy, and actually promised to join us for a little time if he could, you appeared as insensible of his kindness as if he had not suggested the movement."

"I am very sorry," said Stella. "I did not object to go to Normandy."

"No; but you looked so indifferent that Richard immediately recommended us to remain in town. I am sure you might show some little trust in—in matters when he is so extremely—so ridiculously—kind."

"Sir Richard is very kind," said Stella coldly, "and I am always ready to accede to any request of his or yours, mamma. If you wish me to go down to the Vale, I will go—willingly."

"And cheerfully?" added Mrs. Newton with an ironical laugh. "Oh, happens, Stella, I do not know what has come to you. I think it is wicked when one has been so fortunate—so wonderfully fortunate, I may say—as you have been, to go about as if you were repining at your lot. You have been fortunate, too! It is my great consolation to think that I have so much to thank you for in your future life, you ought to be grateful. It was all my management."

"Not altogether," said Stella, with a smile at once strange and bitter.

"Well, I don't know how much you conduced to the result," said Mrs. Newton. "If it had not been for me, a sensible, calculating parent, you might"—and she shuddered with ineffable contempt and horror —"have been married or engaged to some poverty-stricken younger son, or one of these new men that one meets in society—artists and authors and that sort of people, dreadfully ill-bred and fearfully poor. Why, look at that sculptor-man—that Louis Felton——"

It was the first time Louis' name had been mentioned in Stella's hearing since that never-to-be-forgotten night. She rose, calm still, but fearfully pale, and moved towards the door, saying, without looking round:

"I will get ready to go with you to Madame Cerise, mamma."

And so left the room before the cruel, contemptuous sentence could be finished. As she re-entered, dressed for the drive, a footman announced Sir Richard. Mrs. Newton advanced, all smiles and gushing greeting.

"My dear Richard!" she exclaimed, extending her hand with empressement, "how good of you to look in upon us so early, and you so busy too! Stella will be so delighted; she has gone upstairs to get ready for a drive. Oh, here she is!" she continued, as Stella, looking anything but "so delighted," came forward.

Sir Richard bent over her extended hand and pressed his lips to it—the warmest caress he had ever dared to bestow.

"I came down to see you," he said. "You are quite right in getting out before the heat of noon. I came in to ask you if I could do anything for you at Heavithorne?"

"Are you going down there?" asked Mrs. Newton. Stella had not spoken.

"Yes," he said. "I am going down to the Box tomorrow for some papers I left there, and shall remain all night; so that if I can be of any service ——"

"N—o, thank you, dear Richard," said Mrs. Newton. "I don't think there is anything you can do for us—is there, Stella?"

"Nothing for me," said Stella quietly.

She had taken her seat at a little distance, and was sitting, looking out of the window, lost in thought.

"Then I will go," said Sir Richard.

And he went towards the window with his hand outstretched. Mrs. Newton turned to go out of the room, not to be in the way, as she would have expressed it, but their parting was no more affectionate than their meeting—indeed, it was not their last word, for Sir Richard, as he shook hands with Mrs. Newton, said suddenly, and as if he had barely remembered it:

"By the way, I have come—like a tax-collector—for a short call on business. I want your signature to a small document, my dear madam."

Mrs. Newton smiled to express her willingness to sign anything in obedience to Sir Richard's mandate.

"What is it, my dear Richard?"

"A memorandum—a mere form—authorizing Lord Marmion to make a transfer of money to me—a matter of business—dear Stella's. I am afraid you would not understand it if I endeavored to explain it. I may say, though, that Stella's income will be increased some eight hundred a year by it."

And he smiled benevolently and affectionately over at Stella, who had relapsed into her cold impassibility.

"How very kind of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Newton. "Dear Richard, you are always so thoughtful. Stella, do you hear what Richard has done for you?"

"No," said Stella, rising, and advancing to the table.

Sir Richard explained—if the broken statement could be called an explanation—over again, and Stella smiled wearily. She hated the money, every doit of it. Had it not tempted a once noble heart—for she could not believe it to have been always vile—to dishonor?

"Indeed," she said, "it is very kind of you, but I am afraid you have taken more trouble than the results will repay. I have more money than I want. I do not see the use of eight hundred a year more."

Sir Richard smiled as much as to say: "Noble, high-minded girl!" But smiled at Mrs. Newton more wisely.

"Eight hundred is worth having, though, and I shall save this to you by taking charge of the money. I have so many ways of investing it. But I must not keep you. I am quite anxious for you to get into the air; so, will you sign?" And he spread out a paper on the table.

Mrs. Newton took up a pen, and, absolutely without glancing at the matter under which she was about to put her name, was commencing to write when Sir Richard stopped her.

"My dear madam," he said, shaking his head with a grave, reproachful smile, "never sign a paper without knowing what you attest. Read it, please."

Mrs. Newton pouted.

"How ridiculous—as if it mattered. Well, I have read it, and I am none the wiser. There!" and she wrote her name.

Sir Richard carefully blotted the line, folded the paper, and replaced it in his pocket-book; then, as the ladies were quite ready, and the carriage waiting, he placed them in their seats, and waited on the pavement with his hat raised until they had been driven off. Then he turned, and made, with his quick, firm step, for his own house.

Though it was very hot outside, it was deliciously cool in Sir Richard's private counting-house, with its green jalousies and improved patent ventilators, and it was with quite a feeling of relief that the great man seated himself at his table. It was with an expression which signified a more intense satisfaction that he looked on the paper Mrs. Newton had signed from his pocket-book that it now lay before him; and the expression lasted some minutes—indeed, until a knock at the door announced a visitor. It was Mr. Dewlap, grave, sedate, and as respectfully solemn as ever. Without a word beyond the respectful "Good-morning, Sir Richard," he laid a paper upon the table. Sir Richard took it up, considered it with calm regard for a few minutes, and looked up with a smile which Mr. Dewlap so little expected that he started.

"It is as bad as that, Dewlap, is it?" he said. "Well, we have done our best, have we not? You have, I am sure, and so have I. It is a pity, a great pity! We shall drag a great many down with us, for we have won confidence during the panic, and a lot of money is in our hands. A great pity! But it is inevitable, and a mere question of time. How long shall we say?"

"A month, sir—it all depends, Sir Richard," replied the managing man with resigned sorrow.

"It all depends, as you say," said Sir Richard with a strange smile. "Well, I can depend upon you; you will keep quiet?"

"As the grave," said Sir Richard, and—wonderful condescension!—he held out his fine, white hand.

Mr. Dewlap, justly sensible of such amiability, grasped it respectfully, and, as Sir Richard gave him a friendly but perfectly calm "good-morning," took his departure. Scarcely had he gone than a servant announced Lord Marmion.

"My dear fellow! how do you do?" exclaimed the young man. "Here I am again—on business, too, but for the last time, I hope! I have come to wind up the matter, and have brought the cash. You were in good metal and paper, you know!" And he laughed a trusting, light-hearted laugh, in which Sir Richard joined with open-hearted mirth.

"Here is the paper," he said, taking up the memorandum which Mrs. Newton had signed. "It was scarcely necessary, but still, with such a large amount, every form should be used."

"All right," said Lord Marmion. "My man is outside—shall I call him?" And, without waiting for an answer, he called to someone who was waiting outside the door.

A clerk—either a banker's or a lawyer's—entered and placed a bag upon the table. Sir Richard offered him a glass of wine, which he drank with great respect, and then was ushered out.

"There's the money," said Lord Marmion. "A great sum, Wildfang!"

"It is, and a great trust!"

"Yes; but not too much for a future husband, you know," said his lordship, laughing.

And again Sir Richard joined in. Then he seated himself at the table, and wrote out an acknowledgment.

"Another form," he said, handing it to Lord Marmion. "Take care of it."

"I will," said his lordship. "I feel quite like a business man. Now give me a glass of wine, and I'll trot off. I'm going to Richmond—will you come? A little water party."

"No, thanks," replied Sir Richard, toying as he spoke with the paper which Mr. Dewlap had left. "I am going down to Heavithorne to-morrow, and I must be busy to-night."

"Oh, you business men! You are wonderful people," said his lordship as he drank his sherry, "Well, good-bye. How much do you think Stella will get a year by this transaction?"

"About eight hundred pounds—more or less," said Sir Richard as he shook hands.

Then, with another genial, hearty good-bye, the young lord also departed, and Sir Richard was left alone. He locked the door, and, returning to the table, looked down at the bag with a smile deep and profound.

Then he took up the bag, and, opening it, turned out a mass of bank-notes and coin.

With the same smile he set to work and counted out the whole—to the last sovereign—then replaced it in the bag and walked with it to a safe at the end of the room.

He unlocked the safe, carefully deposited the bag in a remote corner, and looked at it with the same smile of satisfaction,

"A nest egg!" he said at last.

Then he closed the safe slowly, and as slowly locked it. The nest egg was Stella's fortune!

CHAPTER XXIV.

My one ewe lamb, my son!
Oh, that the angels did not need thee
In the celestial sky, but for another season yet
Would let thee shine on earth!

The Summer which glorified Grosvenor square and Park lane brightened in some degree the squalor of Paradise Alley. No. 3, in especial, looked all the better for it, and the canary did his best to prove his masculine gender by chirping recklessly whenever a struggling sunbeam shone across the bars of his dingy brass cage.

The months which had brought growth to the year had also done something in the way of enlargement for Sam Growl's Christmas Snowdrop; and as Sam was want to declare to anyone—or no one if he happened to be alone—the little fellow promised, if fate were kind, to be a man. If Fate proved kind!

Something in the shape of improvement had fallen upon Sam himself in the six months which had elapsed since that merry Christmas-eve, and the cause was palpable. There was less of ruggedness in his grim, wrinkled face, and less of dirt upon the hands.

The hunchback's voice, which a neighbor had once likened to a hurdy-gurdy out of tune, was softened and toned down to a kindly growl, which at times rose to a chuckling falsetto, and about the whole of the distorted, misshapen figure had grown a something at variance with the old, reckless untidiness, and a marked sign of change of an object in life.

There was not much poetry in Paradise Alley. It was not a locality favorable to the full development of the finer sensibilities; but few of the dwellers in the dark, dirty, squalid corner but felt a touch of something like sympathy when they saw old Sam trudge out with his precious child in his bosom or hanging on to his hand, and, throughout the alley from end to end, there was not one who would have dared to look surly at the mite while his hunchback guardian was near to see it.

And they saw him only when he was out. Had they seen him at home, lighting up the little room—as he lit up the old man's heart—playing about the grotesque figure as it bent over its work; had they heard its prattle, and the lively falsetto which it provoked from Sam, the Paradise Alleyites might have been all the better for it, and perhaps—who knows? for example is more effective than precept—have loved their own little ones more heartily.

Yes; Sam had an object in life—a something to live for, but it made his life not only sweet to him, but awful!

Often, as the old man sat looking at the child as it played beside him, or sat at his knees with its golden head resting peacefully against the hard, labor-stained waistcoat, he would think:

"If I was to die! Ah! what would become of him?"

And he would snatch the precious blessing to his heart and wipe away—well, a speck of leather dust which had settled down in his eyes—and the world to each other. And it had occurred to Sam that his Snowdrop might feel the want of childish companionship, and his heart smote him so fully that it nerved him to speak.

"Snow," he said faltering, in that strange style, half-familiar and half-infantile, in which he always addressed the child, and which the mite seemed to fully understand, "Snow, it occurs to me, quite permiscuous, that maybe you'd like a playmate or two. If so be as I'm right, I takes it unkind of you not to mention it!" and he shook his head solemnly.

The little fellow climbed up to his knee, and fixed a pair of bright blue eyes thoughtfully upon the old man's small ones.

"If so be as you should," growled the old man, "why, we'll get a few. You shall have as many as you likes; I knows there's plenty of 'em in the Alley, and they're always ready to pick out for a spin. Fuss in boots, hop-scotch, Tom Tiddler's ground, and—and all them sort of games. What do you say, Snow?"

"E-es," chirped the little fellow with a rather doubtful nod, and Sam, smothering a wistful sigh, left the house next morning late in the afternoon in the alley and quietly introduced him in child fashion to a group of mites.

Then he retreated to the window and watched with all his heart in his eyes. The child played at first shyly, but with infantile glee, until, in a burst of confidence, he left the fence and the window and saw old Father Sam's lonely, sorrowful face before the old man could hide it behind the curtain.

In an instant he threw down the ball, and, quitting his companions, toddled painfully up the steps, hammered at the door with his tiny fist, and on Sam's opening it held out his arms to be taken up.

The next morning Sam silently took the child out again, but the child's gentle heart had read and fully understood the meaning of the lonely old face at the window, and he hurried to Sam as soon as the hunchback had put him down, and, in his childish treble, said:

"No, p'ay with old Father Sam."

So Sam bore him back, and, mad with delight—which he hid over the old boot he was repairing—was the child's only playmate once more. Then came the Summer, and that heat which Mrs. Newton had declared to be unbearable in her cool drawing-rooms and boudoirs. In Paradise Alley she would have found a difficulty in discovering some word by which to describe it.

The pavement was hot, the air was stifling, the canary languished in his cage and gave up all hope of ever providing his mate with a little Sam or Snowdrop? Like the snowdrop it began to fade and droop in the heat, and the old man grew terrified when, on one of the hottest days, the little one lay in his arms white and quiet, with a peaceful, listless smile in the eye turned up lovingly to his.

Tremblingly he pressed the boy to him, calling him by his name in tones that struggled vainly for calm.

"Snowdrop, my little Snowdrop! what's the matter? You—you are not in any pain? Open your eyes and look at old Father Sam. Just one look."

"Nodrop very tired, old father," he lisped with a preternaturally grave shake of the head.

"Tired—of course you are," said old Sam, glancing helplessly at the window, through which the sun was beating upon the curtains. "Every decent person leave alone a angel child, is tired in such weather. It's only old chaps like myself as keeps up, owdacious villains as we are," and, hating his own strength, he shut his teeth hard. "My darling precious will go into the park ——"

"No, not the park—me tired of the park," said the child in a whisper. "Me stay here and go to s'eep." And, nestling closer to the pitiful breast, he closed his eyes.

Old Sam was in mortal terror. What was he to do if the child fell ill? There had been several deaths of fever in the alley. Perhaps his Snowdrop—the thought was too terrible, too appalling to be endured quietly.

The old man—without his hat, and with his leathern apron still round him—hurried carefully into the street to the nearest doctor's, and, trembling like a leaf, rang the bell. It was some time before the gentlemanly assistant would admit him; but Sam threatened to admit himself, and force his way if he were not allowed to do it quickly, and so obtained an audience. The doctor—an old man, far too used to such sights to feel more than professional sympathy—looked at the child and back at the old man.

"What is it?" asked Sam, hoarsely, almost fiercely. "Can't you speak? What's the use of a doctor if he can't do nothing more'n look at him? I can do that, and I'm an ignorant, cobbling old idiot. Do something for him—give him something! I can pay for it—I'm strong, look at me—and I can work for him. Give him something! Heaven, give him something!"

The doctor laid his hand upon the shaking, misshapen shoulder.

"Hush, my good fellow," he said. "Do not distress yourself. The child is very ill, but not dying. Medicine—physic is no use. The medicine he wants is fresh air. The country—new milk—buttercups and daisies. You understand?"

Old Sam nodded eagerly, his eyes sparkling with hope.

"I know I'll take him! I'll cross the sea with him—go anywhere to serve him! Doctor, I can't—I can't let him die!"

And his whisper sank so low that the words were rather breathed than spoken.

"No, no," said the doctor; "don't be afraid, my good man. Take him into the country at once. He is a fine little fellow, but delicate. Not your child, eh? Your daughter's? She was delicate, wasn't she? Exposed to the air, eh?"

The old man nodded with a fearful bitterness.

"Yes," he said, between his short teeth; "she was delicate! She was exposed to the air." And, laying half a sovereign down upon the table, he covered the child up in his coat and left the room.

"Take him into the country," he muttered as he hurried home. "Yes, yes; new milk, flowers! He shall have'em, he shall have 'em! Old Sam shall get 'em for him! The country—where is the country?"

And he stopped short and looked helplessly round him. Reader, there are hundreds of the poor who could put the question with perfect seriousness. Then there flashed upon him the memory of the visit of the gentleman who had spoken so kindly to him and admired his boy. He had spoken of the country—had asked him to bring his Snowdrop down to see his picture—had left the address!

With fast-beating heart the old man laid the child upon its little bed and searched for the paper. When he had found it, he spelt out the address letter by letter, carefully folded the paper, and stuck it in his waistcoat pocket, and with trembling, eager fingers did up his necessaries for the journey in a red pocket-handkerchief. Then he wrapped up the child tightly and carefully, and, locking the door of the room on the alley, sallied out into the street.

To the first policeman he met he showed the slip of paper, and hungrily listened to his direction how to reach the place named in it; then, walking with the utmost care of the child's comfort, reached the station, and, all trembling with love's fear, started for Heavithorne.

It was night when the lodge-keeper—who told the story in the evening in the village ale-house for the remainder of his life—locking up the park-gates, saw a bent, misshapen figure, with something bulging out of the breast of his coat, hurrying down the path, and looking from one side to the other with wistful, eager eyes.

It was Sam, with his precious burden, and he stopped at the gates, and, looking at the keeper with eager eyes, produced the piece of paper, now thumb-marked and tattered.

"Can you tell me where that place is? Quick!"

"Yes," said the man; "you're just in time to save me a trot out o' the lodge again. That's the house down yonder. But who's do you want?"

"That's my business," retorted the old man with jealous fierceness.

Then, with a hurried "Thank ye," and a glance at his burden, he hurried on, the moon lighting his path, and shining on his gnarled, wrinkled face as he went.

"Close there now," he murmured, with his head bent down to his breast. "Close there now, Snow! Keep up your heart, my precious! We'll soon be with the kind gentleman! He'll take care o' you! He knows where to get the flowers and new milk. Speak to me, only a word, Snow!—only a word!"

"Father Sam!" murmured the little fellow.

The old man choked back a sob and hurried on faster than ever. A turn of the path, and he was at the wicket-gate.

Another minute and he was through it and standing like a stone—but for the heavy moan of disappointment and despair which burst from the bottom of his heart as his eyes rested upon the lifeless house and the deserted garden.

"Empty!" he murmured. "Gone! O Snow! Snow!"

In his helplessness his head sank upon his breast, and he walked on towards the house as if in a dream. The child put out his little hand and made a peephole for itself.

"Pretty! pretty!" he murmured, looking up at the house, upon which the moon was shining brightly. "Oh, father, stop here with Snow!"

Old Sam looked down at him with a trembling lip. The night was warm, the child well wrapped up. There was no near shelter that he knew of; he might wander all night and find no place for him. He looked round undecided still until his eyes fell upon a little Summer-house in the corner of the shrubbery, and then he decided.

Limping up to it—for he was footsore and lamed by the hot roads—he crawled in, uncovered the child while he gave it a draught of milk from a bottle, and then, covering it up again, sat silent and motionless with its fragile form pressed to him.

While he sat, looking up at the moon with an inaudible prayer for the child ever forming itself on his lips, he heard a noise near him, and, looking out, saw a figure closely muffled stealing through the neglected garden.

CHAPTER XXV.

Guilt ever at his footsteps paced
And kept his conscience horrible;
A shadow moved him on the soul,
And fear claimed him for its own.

Sir Richard, as he had informed Lord Marmion that he should be, was very busy with ledger and day-book that evening, and worked at a strange kind of work—late into the night. Sir Richard in all his deeds, whether of good or ill—he did some good ones for a far-sighted purpose occasionally—was always calm and gentlemanly.

To-night he was making up false accounts and statements, to defraud and mislead clever men; but though he required the keen and astute senses of an artful brain, and was of a nature deeply criminal, Sir Richard's face was placidly smooth and the parting of his hair unruffled.

Had he been going to commit a murder, he would have set about it with a complete avoidance of excitement, and would have slain his victim in a quiet, graceful and gentlemanly manner.

In the morning he sallied into the park and chatted with charming affability for so great and wealthy a man with thoughtless young ladies and empty-headed young gentlemen, some of whose money he had that night before been cleverly disposing of in his false account-books; and in the afternoon he started for the Box alone, and carrying a leather bag.

It was a small bag, and it did not look particularly heavy as he carried it. But it was powerfully-constituted young Saxon, where she was standing, in her priceless robes of satin and lace, the diamonds in her brasses and in her hair scarcely outrivaling the shining of her eyes. I recollect dashing forward and pausing in front of the bride—pale as a statue, and as cold.

I shrieked wildly, and my voice sounded upon the perfumed air, above the pealing of the music, as every gay, light-toned voice was hushed into silence.

"Stop!" I cried madly. "Ernest Clydesdale, you are wedded to a murderess! Lady Geraldine, you *killed Clydesdale's wife!*"

There was a horrible shriek, and my lady fell to the floor, with the red blood gushing from her lips. Darkness descended upon me then, and for many days the world was a blank to me. When I recovered consciousness, it was to hear that the Lady Geral dine was the inmate of a mad-house, hopelessly in sane. No matter; if she is not my wife, she at least can be noth

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information relative to any theatre or entertainment must be addressed solely through the Clipper Office; no exceptions will be made.

INQUIRER, Boston.—It is a very difficult matter to get on the stage at any time of the year. You can make application to the agents of parties, and, therefore, it is next to impossible for a stranger to obtain an interview with a manager for the purpose of soliciting an engagement. Managing a theatre is quite as much of a business as keeping a wholesale dry goods store, and it has to be conducted to a certain extent upon commercial principles. To get into a commercial business you have to commence at a minor position at the nominal salary of $20 or $100 a year, and learn the business. As you progress, your salary is advanced. Precisely such is the custom in a theatre. You are expected to play the smallest parts; often to go on the stage without having a word to speak; to do some particular business; and when you attain the possession of a modicum of confidence enough then be entrusted with more important parts, and in that manner you would gradually rise in the profession. In no other way can a sure foundation be laid for future success. If you can get an engagement to play small business, go as a supernumerary. That plan will secure you access to the stage, and you will get familiar with facing an audience, and, by watching the various performers around you, you can learn much. If you adopt this plan, it is not necessary to see the manager at all. You can make an engagement with the captain of the supernumeraries—and you can always find him by asking for him at the stage-door of the theatre at night. If, after some few weeks' experience in that way, you then speak to the manager, you will find that he will listen to you courteously, and possibly give you a chance in a speaking part. The reason of his change of manner is that he sees you are earnest, and that you have started in a proper way to learn the business. The above applies to regularly established theatres. There is another, and possibly a more expeditious way. Get an engagement with a traveling company to play anything and everything. As the people are fewer in number, your opportunities for advancement are correspondingly increased. You will make the acquaintance of professional people who will speak of you hereafter, and if you have talent it will be speedily developed. Preliminary study for the stage is of very little or no value, as you are apt to become a mere imitator of your instructor, and naturally copy faults as well as merits. Still, there are many things you might study which would be found of great value in your future career, such as dancing, which will teach you to walk gracefully; the general principles of elocution (but not from a professor of elocution), and both the small-sword and broad-sword exercises, which will inculcate grace of pose and gesture.

ALLENTOWN.—There is no draw about it, unless both A and B, after the former had actually made 1,500 points, had agreed to take the chance of a decision from some quarter. The umpire's functions as such had ceased as soon as one player had made 1,500 points, and he could render no decision except at the request of both players. B is bound by the proposition made to A, and under which the latter made 1,500 points. There is no going behind that proposition and its results, unless, as has been remarked, A was willing at the time to make a new game and thus run the risk of a decision. It is inexplicable, if the facts are as presented, that the umpire should have taken two days to render a decision that the game is a draw, and he should be placed over, in even more inexplicable. There never can be any warrant for deciding a game of billiards a draw. The players may agree to draw the game, and in that case no decision is necessary. The referee may suspect that there is collusion and fraud; but even then he cannot declare the game off, for the reason that he can render no decision unless appealed to by one of the players or his umpire; and this appeal will never be made, if there is collusion. All the referee can do in such a strait is to vacate his seat, and, by thus refusing to be a party to a game he knows is fraudulent, leave the people to draw their own inferences and their bets at the same time. Deciding a game of billiards a draw when one man has made the end of it was never heard of before, and ought never to be heard of again. We have heard of a game being declared a draw before the end of it had been closed or reached, and of its being ordered to be played over; but that was with the consent of the two players, each of whom was afraid to risk the referee's positive decision either one way or the other. The referee, as well as the players, had to go outside of the rules, however, to bring about even this result.

CHESSACK, St. Louis.—"1. A and C are playing cribbage against B and D; A deals, D cuts, B says 'a deuce,' C says 'a four,' D says 'a deuce,' and A says 'a trey.' B has ace, four; B has one to enter; A has two on the ace, two on the trey, and one on the four point, and plays the one off the four to the trey for the ace, and takes it off for the four. B says he must take the one off the four, and one off the ace point, as that is the only way he can make his full play. A contends that it is optional, and that he has made his full play. Who is right, A or B?"

R. H. Gillmore's Circus was produced at Booth's Theatre Dec. 25, 1871, and ran twelve weeks, receiving eighty-five representations, the last having been given March 9, 1872. On its first production, Edwin Booth acted Brutus; F. C. Bangs, Marc Antony; D. W. Waller, Julius Cæsar; James Stark, Cassa; and Bella Pateman, Portia. The cast was several times changed during the last week of its run. F. C. Bangs acted Brutus; William Creswick, Cassius; Edwin Booth, Marc Antony; D. W. Waller, Julius Cæsar.

INQUIRER, Lexington, Ky.—The opera house in your city was dedicated April 20, 1865, by Grau's Italian opera Company, which included Mme. Carozzi Zucchi, Clara Louise Kellogg, Mlle. Morensi, Mme. Richer, Mme. Aspasi, Signors Massimilieni, Lotti, Bellini, Derivis, Dubreuil, Gariel, Muller and Kinniese. "Il Trovatore" was the opera. The opening had been announced for April 17, but owing to the assassination of President Lincoln it was postponed until the 20th. The season lasted until May 20.

PM. SCHWARTZ & CO., Jefferson.—The player who said the other's hand was good for ten tricks all claim to the pot. His opponent had shown his hand, as required by the rules. There is no rule that requires the called player to insist upon seeing the caller's hand, although it is his privilege to do so. It was not necessary for him to exercise that privilege in this instance, for the caller, having undervalued his own hand, had pronounced the shown cards "Good." Mistakes at poker are final.

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GENERAL ADMIRAL AND PENNSYLVANIA.—A misladd question asks us to decide a bet by stating which of these wooden frigates was the larger. The Pennsylvania's length was 237ft., beam 59ft., and tonnage 3,716. She was launched July 18, 1837, the tonnage given is O. M. The length of the General Admiral was 303ft.; beam, 51ft.; tonnage, 3,276—by the Custom House old measurement. This makes the General Admiral the larger vessel.

G. AND H., Brooklyn.—A straight flush, when played, will beat four aces; but straight flushes are not always played, nor are straights, flushes and fulls. The regular, fixed hands at poker are high card, pairs, triplets, fulls, and fours of a kind. All other hands are subject to agreement, and even the valuation of some of them varies in different cateries.

J. W. B., Troy.—1. If he makes it "sixes," and has no six to add in with, he loses the game, if anyone chooses to claim it. 2. When George Washington was born, it was Feb. 11, 1732. This, by the change of style adopted some twenty years later, became Feb. 22. 3. John Morrissey was born Feb. 5, 1831, at Templemore, County Tipperary.

ROSEWALK.—Neither one could go alone. B's partner could not go alone in any event, B's making of the trump having been an exposure of his (B's) hand; and B himself, not having declared himself alone when he made the trump, could not go alone after his partner had exposed his hand by offering to go alone.

A. B. C., Albion.—Letters addressed to all of the persons you name in care of this office should reach them. We prefer not to answer questions relating to the domestic affairs of professional ladies and gentlemen. It is only with their public life. The privacy of their home circles should not be invaded.

THOMAS CASEY.—Heenan fought Sayers April 17, 1860; returned to New York city same month; went to England again March 22, 1862; traveled for about a year with Howes' Circus, sparring with Sayers; and fought King in 1863.

E. T., Cincinnati.—Take some of the best champagne corks that you can procure, place them in a tin or iron vessel, and pour some alcohol over them, and then set the alcohol on fire. During the last week of its run F. C. Bangs acted Brutus; William Creswick, Cassius; Edwin Booth, Marc Antony; D. W. Waller, Julius Cæsar.

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BOWLING.

THE BOWLING TOURNAMENT.
Empires vs. Terpsichores.

The return game between the teams of the above clubs in the championship tournament was played on Wednesday evening, Jan. 19, on a neutral alley in Williamsburg, as directed by the rules of the Association. It was the third and deciding game of the rubber between these clubs, each having won one game; the Empires winning the first on their own alley by 72 points, and the Terpsichores the second on their own alley by 113 points. At the commencement the play on neither side was up to their usual mark, owing to the players being unacquainted with the peculiarities of the alley. The Empires, however, soon drew ahead, and on the ninth frame led their opponents 79 points. This was reduced to 35 points on the tenth and last frame, the Empires winning by that number of points, their total score being 1,460 to the Terpsichores 1,425. The highest score was made by George Kuhn of the Terpsichores, who made by brilliant and steady play 201 points. We give the full scores of both teams:

Terpsichores.	1st Game.	2d Game.	3d Game.	Totals.	Empire.	1st Game.	2d Game.	3d Game.	Totals.
C. Eisenman	1	4	5	10	J. Sutherland	1	6	9	16
L. Hahn	1	3	6	10	Geo. F. Hayes	3	6	1	10
F. Sauer	0	5	5	10	C. F. Conn	3	2	5	10
Henry Snell	0	5	5	10	Tom O'Neil	3	4	3	10
L. Kahn	2	3	5	10	Jos. Ivory	2	4	4	10
G. Schindheim	1	4	5	10	A. Maehler	1	5	4	10
Ed. C. Biel	2	4	4	10	F. Wallace	1	3	6	10
George Kuhn	3	5	3	10	C. McEvoy	2	3	5	10
Henry Groh	1	3	6	10	L. Voss	2	4	4	10
Wm. Biel	1	5	6	10	D. J. Moore	1	3	6	10
Totals	14	38	49	142	Totals	19	40	41	140

Umpire, John I. Ellis of the Nationals. Scorers, Robert Orr and John Escher. Time of game, 2h. 26m.

Athletic vs. Germania.

The opening match between these Williamsburg clubs took place on Friday evening at Heiser's Alley, and, to general surprise, resulted in the victory of the Germanias (formerly the Growlers) over the Athletics, one of the strongest clubs of the Association, by a score of 1,447 to 1,315. We give the full scores:

ATHLETIC.

	Frames 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
R. M. Kopps	4	28	47	67	77	96	106	125	145	164
P. Steubenvoll	9	16	25	43	59	75	83	101	117	139
J. R. Pechlick	10	20	30	49	59	78	85	94	105	120
Geo. Field	8	26	44	53	62	81	91	110	120	130
J. Rofkar	17	26	44	58	62	71	91	110	124	143
M. Mayer	14	27	37	51	63	73	90	104	123	133
G. W. Relyea	14	24	31	51	69	83	93	113	133	150
H. Bartlett	9	25	33	49	59	77	86	106	123	133
Geo. Fries	9	25	33	48	73	93	103	123	143	157
W. Richardson	20	36	45	76	104	124	141	157	167	177
Totals	122	263	389	554	691	861	973	1147	1284	1315

GERMANIA.

	Frames 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
P. Moller	8	18	26	45	64	84	104	122	140	149
J. Meyer	18	28	45	55	74	83	98	107	117	137
C. F. Miller	10	19	25	44	62	71	85	100	110	130
J. Voegele	19	28	35	55	74	94	114	132	151	167
J. Moller	10	21	39	49	68	84	101	110	129	139
Joe Moller	18	31	47	67	78	85	96	108	122	131
C. Rust	4	17	23	43	59	66	74	94	113	123
C. F. Tonjes	18	38	58	78	96	106	116	136	155	165
H. Diek	20	39	58	77	97	117	131	149	159	169
A. Voege	20	39	58	77	97	117	131	149	159	169
Totals	141	268	429	573	789	884	1024	1176	1334	1447

Strikes—Athletic, 14; Germania, 17. Spares—Athletic, 41; Germania, 40. Breaks—Athletic, 46; Germania, 39. Umpire—John I. Ellis of the Nationals. Scorers—William and Henry Moller. Time, 2h. 8m.

The return match between these clubs was played on Wednesday, Jan. 19, on the same alley as the previous game, and the Germanias again came off victorious, making their prospect bright for bearing off the honors of the championship. It proved a stubborn, well-played contest, and, as will be seen from the subjoined scores, some fine breaks were made on both sides. The Athletics were minus one of their best players in Relyea, but, notwithstanding this, the match was perhaps the most brilliant yet played in the tournament.

Germania.	1st Str'ks.	1st Spares.	2d Str'ks.	Totals.	Athletic.	1st Str'ks.	1st Spares.	2d Str'ks.	Totals.
P. Moller	3	4	3	155	R. M. Hopps	1	5	4	145
Joe Moller	6	4	6	121	J. Hughes	1	1	8	125
H. Voegele	2	7	1	161	G. Rozella and Jack Trigg	2	6	3	161
G. Voege	2	4	8	138	G. W. Field	1	5	4	139
J. Moller	3	4	3	169	J. Rofkar	1	7	2	161
J. R. M. Mayer	1	3	6	123	M. Mayer	1	3	6	123
C. Rust	3	2	5	139	Steubenvoll	4	4	2	176
C. Tonjes	2	5	3	163	H. A. Bartlett	3	5	2	171
H. Diek	2	5	3	4—7	Geo. Fries	2	5	3	4—9
A. Voege	2	4	4	147	W. Richardson	1	5	4	143
Totals	20	46	36	1516	Totals	17	44	39	1490

Umpire, Geo. Conover of the Nassau. Scorers, W. Moller and H. Diefenback. Average—Germania, 151.6-10; Athletic, 149.

HANDBALL.

THE MOORE BENEFIT.

Quite a handball tournament took place at McQuade's Court, in this city, on Tuesday, Jan. 18, the occasion being a series of contests arranged for the benefit of the veteran player James Moore, Morris Moore's father. The attendance of experts was noteworthy, those present during the day including Phil Casey the champion, his brother James, ex-Alderman Dunn, all of Brooklyn; Dan McCarthy of Philadelphia, John Leinahan, Bob. Dore, Morris Moore, and the brothers McQuade, besides numbers of well-known amateur players, and a representation of the baseball fraternity, including Hicks, Eggler, Hallinan, Boyd, Matthews, etc. The tariff of admission for the day was half a dollar, the games beginning at 10 a. m. and continuing until dark, though some sport was had at night, when the court was lighted up.

After the ballplayers had exercised in the court at rackets, and Eggler had handsomely polished off Boyd, a four-handed match at handball for $25 a side was made up between Jas. Farley and his brother Thomas, the former being assisted by J. Calhaine, and the latter by John Keys. The play proved to be one-sided, as James and his partner won three out of four games, as will be seen by the appended score:

	First Game.	Second Game.	Third Game.	Fourth Game.	Totals.
James and partner	21	21	10	21—	73
Thomas and partner	19	19	21	20—	79

The contests of the day, however, were the games in which the Brooklyn players—the Casey brothers and Alderman Dunn—took part, the exhibition of skill surpassing anything before witnessed at the court this season. The first series of games brought together as partners James Casey and James Dunn, both in handball circles as "the two Jims"—who had for their adversaries the brothers McQuade—Barney and Arthur. It was supposed that this combination would result in a fine display of skill and a series of closely-contested games; but, to the surprise of the friends of the New Yorkers, it proved to be quite a one-sided affair, the two Jims winning the series—best four out of seven—by four straight games. The first game saw the McQuades with the lead in hand at the close of the first inning by 4 to 0, and at the end of the third they were ahead by 9 to 0. Then it was that the two Jims began to let themselves out, and by some very brilliant play, in which Casey distinguished himself by his fine returns and Dunn by effective service, they ran up a score of thirteen in their fourth inning, and in the fifth run the game out, leaving the score as follows:

	Aces by Service.	Aces by Returns.	Totals.
James Casey	2	10	12
James Dunn	5	4	9—21
Arthur McQuade	4	2	6
Barney McQuade	1	2	3— 9
INNINGS.			
Casey and Dunn	0	3	2	13	3—21
The McQuades	4	3	1	1	—9

The second game was still more one-sided, Dunn especially distinguishing himself by his service, both the McQuades finding it difficult to get at the balls sent to them, though Barney is noted for his skill in recovery. Casey's sharp, rifle-shot returns, too, rendered it impossible to get at the balls, even when in the inner court. The score of this game was as follows:

	Aces by Service.	Aces by Returns.	Totals.
James Casey	1	7	8
James Dunn	8	5	13—21
Arthur McQuade	3	0	3
Barney McQuade	3	4	4— 7
INNINGS.			
Casey and Dunn	3	3	0	14	3—21
The McQuades	1	1	2	0	3— 7

The third game was more closely contested, it being the best of the series. The Caseys took the lead at the start, but lost it in the third inning, when the McQuades scored 7, Barney playing very prettily in both services and returns. His effective recovering some difficult balls served by Casey called forth merited applause. At the close of the fifth inning the totals stood at 16 to 11 in favor of the McQuades, and a victory for the brothers was anticipated; but the Jims rallied in fine style for 7 in the sixth inning, and ran the game out, leaving the score as follows:

	Aces by Service.	Aces by Returns.	Totals.
Jas. Casey	4	4	8
Jas. Dunn	5	8	13—21
Arthur McQuade	3	3	6
Barney McQuade	5	7	12—18
INNINGS.			
Casey and Dunn	3	4	1	4	2	7—21
The McQuades	1	1	7	1	5	—18

In the fourth game the Brooklynites fell off in their play in the first inning, Barney's service bothering his opponents to such an extent that the brothers ran up the large score of 16 before the two Jims could score an ace, the call of the score as Casey went into the second inning being "love 15." It was now regarded as a sure thing for the brothers, but in the second inning they began their up-hill piece of work with four aces, and in the third inning added 12 to their score, and in the fourth ran the game out, thus winning the series in brilliant style in four straight games. The score was as follows:

	Aces by Service.	Aces by Returns.	Totals.
James Casey	9	8	17
James Dunn	4	0	4—21
Arthur McQuade	0	5	5
Barney McQuade	3	4	13—17
INNINGS.			
Casey and Dunn	0	4	12	5—21
The McQuades	15	0	2	—17

After a rest, the crowd of spectators, being anxious to see the champion, Phil Casey, in the court, a series of games, best three out of five, was arranged, in which Phil was assisted by Arthur McQuade against the two Jims—Dunn and Casey—and Phil said before he began that he proposed warming the pair, if Arthur would back him up well. At this the "twins" smiled rather ironically, and suggested to Phil that he dare not bet on it. The latter said that he did not care to take the money out of their pockets so easily, and with this the quartet went at it, the champion being received with applause as he entered the court.

Arthur led off in the service, and, before they were aware of it, 7 aces had been run up, and, though the two Jims scored 8 in their second inning, the champion and his partner offset it with 9 in the third, and in the fourth ran the game out, leaving the score as follows:

	Aces by Service.	Aces by Returns.	Totals.
Arthur McQuade	6	5	11
Phil Casey	4	6	10—21
James Casey	0	5	5
James Dunn	1	3	4— 9
INNINGS.			
McQuade and Casey	7	3	0	8—21
Dunn and Casey	1	2	6	1—10

In the second game the two Jims had the best of it in the early part of the contest, and they were sanguine of ultimate success, the scores at the close standing at 12 to 1 in their favor, and at the finish of the fifth inning the "twins" had scored 20 to 16 by the champion and his partner. Here was a basis for Phil to work upon, and he went in to win in the best style of the art. First he had to dispose of the pair, and then to pull up a score of six aces to get even. This he did by masterly play in services and returns, his play in both respects being quite a model display of the beauties of the game. Finally, after the call of "all up at 20,"

Phil put in for the winning ace, and got it in a low return, amidst loud applause, the score being as follows:

	Aces by Service.	Aces by Returns.	Totals.
Phil Casey	3	2	5
Arthur McQuade	5	11	16—21
Jas. Casey	3	4	7
Jas. Dunn	3	5	8— 15—20
INNINGS.			
Phil and Arthur	1	0	3	6	4	7—21
Casey and Dunn	1	11	3	3	2	—20

There was still another chance left, and the two Jims went into win the third game; but all hopes of such a result vanished before the first inning ended, Arthur McQuade serving a series of balls to the outer court which neither Casey nor Dunn could recover, the inning ending with the call of 12 to 1 in the champion's favor, and in the fourth inning he ran the game out as follows:

	Aces by Service.	Aces by Returns.	Totals.
Arthur McQuade	9	4	13
Phil Casey	0	8	8—21
Jas. Casey	0	0	0
Jas. Dunn	0	1	1— 1
INNINGS.			
Phil and Arthur	12	0	8	1—21
The two Jims	1	1	0	0— 2

By way of finish, Barney McQuade and Phil Casey began a trial of skill, best two out of three, but after Phil had won the first game by 21 to 6, and nine innings of the second had ended in Phil's favor by 15 to 10, darkness stopped play, and the day's contests ended.

HANDBALL NOTES.—The match between McEvoy and Townsend, for the Casey gold medal, was closed on Jan. 24, the former winning the prize by defeating Townsend in three out of four games, the last being marked by a score of 21 to 2 only ..... Tuesday, Jan. 25, will be marked by a four-handed contest at Casey's Court, Brooklyn, in which the champion, assisted by Arthur McQuade, will play the return games with the "Two Jims." ..... A number of contests will be played this week at McQuade's, in which Barney Moore, Dan Leinahan and other players of note will take part.

THE TURF.

CHARLESTON, S. C., JOCKEY CLUB MEETING.

The annual race-meeting of the Charleston Jockey Club, the oldest, and, at one time, most aristocratic turf organization in the United States, commenced on Tuesday, Jan. 18, over the time-honored Washington Course, at Charleston. Owing to the unlooked-for attendance of an immense number of horses at the meeting, an extra day was obliged to be added to the regular programme, and the day previous to the announced commencement of the meeting was selected for this purpose. The first race, for all ages, was a mile-dash for a purse of $250, and was won by W. R. Babcock's Egypt in 1:48, beating Marmion and Ascot, who finished second and third. The second race—a dash of a mile and a half—for a purse of $300, was won by J. H. Davis' four-year old colt, General Harney, in 2:46¼, beating Lottie Moone (second) and Tom O'Neil. The track was very hard on this day, but on the following day (Wednesday, Jan. 19,) the rain fell heavily, making it muddy and holding. Survivor, the favorite, won the mile dash, for a purse of $250, of which the second horse took $50, very easily in 1:51½; his opponents being John Papin (second), First Chance and Jack Trigg. The South Carolina Stakes for three-year-olds, $50 each, half forfeit, with $250 added by the club, one mile, was won by the favorite, Mr. Linck's colt Grit, beating Libbie L. (second), Emma G. and Athlene in 1:51. Egypt bore Mr. Babcock's colors to victory in the mile-heat race for all ages, for a purse of $300, beating very easily his only opponent, Larry Hart, in 1:51, 1:53. The winner was the favorite at $100 to $25. The hurdle-race, two miles, over eight hurdles, was won by Vandal Jr., beating Charley Cheatham, who was the favorite at $100 to $50, the second and third places being (second), Busy Bee, Ascot, and Prang. Time, 4:05¾.

On the third day there was an increased attendance, owing to improved weather, but the track was still heavy. The first race was a mile and a quarter, for a purse of $200, of which $50 went to the second horse, was won by Wilson & Co.'s Tom O'Neil, beating Prussian (second) by a neck, Rocket and colt by Red Dick in 2:16¼. The Hampton Stakes, for four-year-olds, $50 each, with $400 added, two-mile heats, was an exciting affair. General Harney won the first heat, but fell lame on the third heat, and was drawn. The second heat was a dead-heat between Ozark and Damon, Katie Lee being distanced. Damon won the third and fourth heats, beating Ozark, the favorite, and winning the race. Time 3:45½, 3:46¾, 3:50¾, 3:55. The $300 purse, one mile and half, was won by Mary Long, beating Lottie Moone, Rozella and Jack Trigg in 2:46½. The mile and eighth purse of $200 was won by W. R. Babcock's Egypt, beating Marmion and Bayline in 2:04½.

On the fourth day the racing commenced with the Club purse of $300, two miles, which was won by W. Wynch's Mary Long, beating Mary in 3:52. The Hutchler's Mile, for three-year-olds, $50 each, half forfeit, with $300 added, second to receive $100 out of the stakes, mile heats, was won by W. T. Linck's Grit, beating Athlene and Emma G. in 1:51, 1:51. Survivor won the mile-and-three-quarters purse of $250, beating Larry Hart (second) and Frank in 3:18. Tom O'Neil won the sweepstakes for all ages, $50 each, with $400 added, beating Lottie Moone and Prussian in 3:49¾, 3:48¾.

The fourth and last day of the regular meeting on Saturday, Jan. 22, was numerously attended, and the racing excellent, the entire meeting having proved very successful. The three-mile-heat race, which opened the ball, for a purse of $400 to the winner and $100 to the second horse, was won by James Davis' Damon, a son of Jack Malone, beating Mary in two heats; time, 6:08¾, 6:13. This colt has brought himself into notoriety by his running at this meeting, and beating such proved good racers as Ozark and General Harney. Vandal Jr. won the hurdle-race purse of $300, beating Busy Bee, Charley Cheatham and Oxmore in 4:01. Mr. Babcock's Egypt won the purse of $300, mile heats, three in five, beating Prussian (second), Lotta Moone, Jack and Bayline, in 1:51½, 1:52, 1:49. The last race of the day and meeting, a purse of $250 for beaten horses, one mile and a half, was won by Marmion, beating John Payne, Larry Hart, First Chance, Libbie L., Rocket and Roscella in 2:44½.

A TWENTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR TROTTER.—Three years ago, James Galway of this city purchased of Mr. Dunning of Corgna County, N. Y., a three-year-old colt by Volunteer (a son of Hambletonian), out of a mare by Henry Clay, for $625, which he named St. Julian. In May last, being then only six years old, he was put into training, and he first trotted in public at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in August, winning both the purses in which he was entered, from large fields, and making for himself a record of 2:28¾. The same month, at Springfield, Mass., he won two races, trotting over a heat in 2:27½; and at Hartford, Ct., the following week, he won both his engagements, his nett winnings amounting to $8,400. Having been successful in all his engagements, Mr. Galway retired him for the Winter, and last week he sold him to Mr. W. Bumphrey, the owner of Judge Fullerton, for $20,000. Not a bad investment of $625, which has thus netted the fortunate speculator $28,400 in a twelve-month. It is said that St. Julian's destination is California, Mr. Humphreys having bought him for a prominent turfman in that State.

THE NEW WRIGHTS.—The Maryland Jockey Club announces that they will not adopt the new scale of weights of the American Jockey Club the coming season, as there is a difference of opinion among the members of the club as to the policy of trying the weights, and they prefer to await the result of the experiment on the Northern race courses before effecting any change. The weights at the Baltimore meetings will therefore remain the same, viz.: In races for two-year-olds exclusively, 100lb.; for three-year-olds exclusively, 110lb.; in steeplechases, 150lb. for three-year-olds; 145lb for four-year-olds, 154lb for five-year-olds, and 158lb for six-year-olds and upwards.

WESTCHESTER DRIVING PARK.—A meeting was held at the Metropolitan Hotel, in this city, Jan. 22, for the purpose of taking measures to secure the establishment of a driving park in Westchester County. The grounds of the old Agricultural Association at White Plains are now in the market, and can be obtained for about $25,000, and sufficient land adjoining to make the present half-mile track into a full mile track for about $15,000 additional; the expense of construction being estimated at $10 000. A committee was appointed to report at a future meeting the cost of the ground and the necessary improvements, and the amount of capital stock to be issued.

PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL RACE MEETINGS.—The turf men of Philadelphia, recognizing the importance of having in the American running turf property and efficiently represented in their city during the centennial celebration this Summer, have decided to hold two race-meetings at Point Breeze Park, and that association has retained as manager and clerk of the course Mr. J. D. Ferguson of Baltimore, the able secretary of the Maryland Jockey Club. The date of fixture of the two meetings and the programme of purses and stakes will be announced at an early day.

THE RING.

AN ENTERTAINMENT, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the aid of the late Dominick Bradley's widow, will be given at Noonan's Varieties, Ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 8. About all the sparrers of note in that city will take part in the affair, which will also include interesting performances by variety artists, male and female. The closing box of the evening will be between Arthur Chambers and Harry Hicken, as we are informed by the bills. We trust that the boys will lend generous aid to this cause of charity, as those for whose benefit it has been projected are in urgent need of pecuniary assistance.

BILLY MADDEN'S EXHIBITION, which is to transpire at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 27, promises well, both as regards attractions and attendance, volunteers being numerous and the pasteboard finding plenty of purchasers among those who like rare sport. Aside from other considerations, the fact that it is seldom that Billy presents his name as a candidate for the suffrages of the supporters of the ring should ensure the success of the entertainment in all respects. Something unusually good may be looked for in the wind-up between Madden and Pete Croker.

"SPRING DICK" GOODWIN AND JOE HOLLAND, two well-known sparrers in the Quaker City, are to be the recipients of a complimentary benefit on the evening of the 25th inst. at Enochs' Varieties, in that city. A feature of the entertainment will be a glove fight between Cleary and Lew Chambers. Many of the prominent sparrers of Philadelphia will participate, the wind-up being in ring-costume, between Dick and Holland.

DE SILVER AND TENNYSON, favorites with the sporting lads of Philadelphia, will give a concert at Lincoln Hall, Broad street and Fairmount avenue, on Monday evening Jan. 31.

CHARLEY MCDONALD recently gave an exhibition at Orangeville, Ont. He set-to with Johnny Bernard, alias "Harbor Jack." Charley returns thanks to Jack, and also Joe Morrison, for favors extended.

PATSEY SHEPPARD AND MARCELLUS BAKER sparred in the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., Jan. 21, 22.

SAM COLLYER desires us to say, in relation to the letter from Billy Edwards in our past issue, that the responsibility for his name appearing on the bills for Collyer's recent benefit lies with Harry Hill, who promised to get Billy to spar with him, and as he considered that Edwards was under obligations to Mr. Hill, Sam believed that he would be there. Collyer expresses surprise, too, that Edwards should find fault with him, when their names appear on nearly all the bills for exhibitions nowadays, and put no fault is found with anyone else for doing so; and he concludes his letter by saying that he would rather fight Billy than spar, and in a few days will be prepared to show that he means it by putting up money.

THE TESTIMONIAL to Seddons' Mouse at Harry Hill's on Thursday, Jan. 20, drew a full house, and the show was of a kind to send everybody away thoroughly satisfied with the exchange for their dollars, the wind-up between the beneficiary and his old antagonist, Jim Kelly, being especially good, and better than any in which they have engaged before for a long time. The others who contributed to the enjoyment of the crowd were Johnny Saunders and Sam Collyer, Pete Croker and Billy Madden, Mike Coburn and Ed. Malahan, Jim McCarthy and Billy Field, and a couple of friends whose modesty forbade them revealing their names. Uncle Torse was M. C.

EDDY BURKE, who is about as clever and hard-hitting a feather-weight as can be found in either hemisphere, and who is understood to be desirous of giving "The Mouse" or anybody else a shake-up at 108lb. for money, takes a benefit at Hibernia Hall, 23 Prince street, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 26. A series of spars between men of note will be followed by a gymnastic contest between Burke and General Harney, which will constitute the feature of the show.

JOE COBURN will please call or send for a letter addressed to him in our care.

SAM COLLYER took a benefit at the Palace Hall Variety, 93 Willoughby street, Brooklyn, E. D., on Friday evening, January 21, when he met-to with Young Mother, the following assisting: Eddy Burke and O'Brien, Pete Maginnis and Billy Madden, Billy Mullen and Pete Croker, and two friends. Uncle Torse was the heim, as usual.

BILLY EDWARDS and Arthur Chambers closed at the Theatre Comique, Cincinnati, O., Jan. 22, and from there proceeded to Cleveland, where they spar at the Comique on the night of the 26th, and then return home. They return their thanks to Eph. Holland and Jack Brown for kindness shown them in Portsmouth.

JOHNNY MCCARTY of Boston, Mass., well known as a skilled member of the boxing division, is in the city, having come on on the 26th expressly to take a look at the glove-match between Dwyer and Taylor, at the Lyceum Theatre, that evening.

EDDY MURRAY is advertised to give an exhibition at Hibernia Hall, Prince street, on Monday evening next, Jan. 31. A number of good names appear on the bills, and the show will be brought to an end by a meeting between Murray and Johnny Murphy.

COCKING.

MAIN BETWEEN WESTCHESTER COUNTY AND NEW JERSEY.
Westchester Victorious.

A main between representative fanciers of New Jersey and Westchester County took place on Saturday night, Jan. 22, in Hudson County, N. J., in the presence of a large gathering of the lovers of the sport. The conditions were to fight thirteen battles for $1,000 the main. The betting was $200 to $150 on New Jersey winning, and a heavy amount of money was wagered on the issue:

First Fight.—Westchester produced a blackred against New Jersey's black, each 4lb 12oz., the former having the call in the betting. Both were ripping good fighters, and both were fearfully punished, the Westchester bird eventually laying out his New Jersey foe by sending the steel through his brain. Time, 14min.

Second.—New Jersey showed a blackred against a Westchester pyle; weights, 4lb 10oz. The latter was the favorite at $50 to $20 at one period of the fight, and the next moment the same odds were laid upon the blackred, the fight fluctuating several times. Both were dreadfully cut up, and, after fighting twenty minutes, a count was had, and, as the Jersey bird was the only one to peck, he was declared the winner.

Third.—Both sides pitted a pyle, scaling 4lb. 9½oz., the Jersey bird having the call. The layers were not wrong in their judgment, as he won the fight in 7min.

Fourth.—A gray represented Westchester, and a lightred the opposing party, each scaling 4lb. 8oz. They were two fierce fighters, each losing an eye in the second battle. A brain-blow from the steel of the Westchester bird laid out the lightred in 4min.

Fifth.—Two blackreds, weighing 4lb 7oz. each. Heavy betting. The Jerseyman at first fought shy, but, getting pricked, showed some grit. It was all of no use, as the Westchester champion proved the victor by laying out his opponent dead. Time 12min.

Sixth.—New Jersey was represented by a black and Westchester by a whitered; weights, 4lb 5oz. Both were duffers, and the New Jersey bird a run-away, which lost him the fight. Time, 28min.

Seventh.—A blackred for Westchester and a white for Jersey, weighing 4lb 5oz. This was a gamelli fight, the Jersey bird surprising his own party by his fierce, rapid and effective fighting. He sent the Westchester blackred twice across the pit, blinding him in both eyes, and at last laid him out dead. Time, 22min.

Eighth.—Westchester pitted a blackred against a Jersey spangleback; weights 4lb 4oz. Even betting and quick fighting. At the second fly the Jersey bird killed his rival. Time 2min.

Ninth.—Jersey showed a pyle against a Westchester darkred; the weights 4lb 12oz. Quick fighting, both game as pebbles. The pyle eventually won in 17min.

Tenth.—Two blackreds, 3lb 12oz. each. The Westchester champion outfought his antagonist from the start, and won in 5min.

Eleventh.—Each side had now won five battles, and the betting was heavy and at evens. Westchester sent in a pyle opposed to a New Jersey spangle, each scaling 3lb. 10oz. A chance shot killed the spangle in 3min.

Twelfth.—Each side produced a blackred, scaling 3lb 8oz. and 3lb 7oz. respectively. This was a gamelli fight, and lasted, 11min., but at last the Jersey bird received a cut in the head, and the subsequent proceedings interest him no more. This victory gave the main and money to the Westchester division, they scoring 7 out of 13 battles.

A MAIN OF COCKS was lately fought near Ridgway, Carson and Johnson on the one side, and Messrs. Kleintz, J. S. Lovatt and Charles Lovatt on the other, came off at Philadelphia on Tuesday, Jan. 18, on the Baseball Club Grounds. The conditions were to shoot at 15 birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, Rhode Island Club rules. The shooting was worthy of the previous weight of the contestants, and the match resulted in a tie and draw, each side killing 37 birds. The honors belong to Charles Lovatt, who killed 14 out of 15; Bogardus and Miles Johnson 13 each out of the same number. The attendance was large and speculation heavy. We give the score:

A. H. Bogardus	10111	11101 11111—13
W. Carson	10101	11010 11111—11
Miles Johnson	11010	11111 11111—13
Fred Kleintz	11011	10111 10011—11
J. S. Lovatt	11111	11101 01011—12
Charles Lovatt	11101	11111 11111—14

A PIGEON-SHOOT for $400 took place at St. Catharines, Ont., Jan. 11, fifty experts and non-experts firing at fifteen singles each. The amount offered for competition was divided into ten prizes, and their possession was decided as follows: first, $100, J. C. Smith; second, $70, N. Middleditch; third and fourth, $110, Messrs. Boulton and Parnoll divided; fifth, sixth and seventh, $90, Messrs. Rogers, Fisher, and Mr. Bushnell divided; eighth, $15, W. Mummery; ninth, $10, H. M. Miller; tenth, $5, George Griffith. The leading score was 15, and the next best 13.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION of Great Britain held a meeting Jan. 21, at which it was resolved that the Association should accept the invitation of the National Association at New York to organize a team to represent the United Kingdom in a match for the championship of the world, provided that no other independent team sent from England, Scotland, or Ireland be included in the match.

INTERNATIONAL PIGEON-SHOOTING TOURNAMENT AT PHILADELPHIA.—Arrangements for the holding of a centennial international tournament, open to the wing-shots of the United States, Great Britain, and the British provinces, at Philadelphia, next July, are in progress. The programme now under consideration has been placed in well-qualified, practical hands, and bids fair to prove successful. Suffolk Park, distant about six miles from Philadelphia, has been selected as the scene of contest, and the tournament will occupy three and possibly four entire days. The following is the programme proposed: On the first day the International Allcomer's Match, for the championship of the world; 50 birds each; conditions of which are, to shoot at fifty birds each, according to English rules, for a gold medal and a purse of $1,000, divided into first, second, third and fourth prizes. On the second day the International Allcomers Match, at 100 birds each, Rhode Island rules, for a gold medal and a purse of $1,000, divided, like the previous one, into four parts. On the third day, the International Match each contestant to shoot at 50 double birds, open only to Canadian and American wing-shots, under the rules of the Toronto Gun Club Rules, the prize being a medal and a purse of $500. This will be followed by an All America Gentlemen's Sweepstakes of $50 each, with $500 added, to be divided into first, second, third, and fourth moneys; each contestant to shoot at 50 birds, and the rules of the Long Island Gun Club to govern.

THE RIFLEMEN whose occupation consists in wielding the pen and pencil for the enlightenment of the readers of the weekly journals of the metropolis have challenged their brethren of the daily press to shoot a match, eight on a side. A meeting to arrange preliminaries is to be held at the rooms of the New York Press Club, at three o'clock P. M., Wednesday, Jan. 26.

PEDESTRIANISM.

CHALLENGE TO ALLISON.—Last week Bart Tinnucher and John Allison agreed to meet at THE CLIPPER office at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of making arrangements for a running match between the parties. Neither Tinnucher was on hand in due time, but Allison failed to show up. After waiting till long after the hour had passed, Bart Tinnucher, the challenged party, left a deposit of $100 in support of a challenge, on behalf of an Unknown, to run Allison 125 or 150 yards, for $500 a-side. Tinnucher is willing to run a month from signing articles, for as much money as Allison chooses to make the match. This challenge to remain open for two weeks, and the challenged party is requested to cover or take the deposit as soon as possible, and appear at any and hour to meet at this office to sign articles and post more money. Walk along, John.

WALKING FIFTY MILES.—James E. McIntosh, of whom we wrote before heard, claims to have walked fifty miles in 9 hours 53 minutes and 40 seconds, in Wilgas Hall, Ithaca, N. Y., January 19, and in support of his claim has obtained satisfactory certificates of H. M. Hibbard and Charles W. Raymond, civil engineers, who say they measured the track and found it to be 240 feet in length, 22 laps to the mile; E. B. Hibbard, son of J. C. Hasler, time-keepers, and H. E. Bennet and John E. Clapp, referees, who vouch for the correctness of the time and the fairness with which the walking was done. Whether it was a match for stakes or merely a gate-money affair, we are not advised.

JACK GOULDING and John De Witt continue to march along in their mile-every-hour exhibition at Giebel's Garden, Lorimer and Scholes streets, Williamsburg, L. I., and so far the speculation has proved profitable to the proprietor of this concern.

THERE ARE LETTERS in this office for Jas. Adams, E. P. Weston and "Dannie" Marsnall.

AMUSEMENTS.

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R. W. BUTLER.....Manager
THE STANDARD VARIETY THEATRE OF NEW YORK.
BRILLANT ATTRACTION THIS WEEK.
MR. GEO. S. KNIGHT, the great Dutch comedian, will appear in his original sketch, entitled
AROUND THE BLOOK IN FORTY MINUTES,
each with the full strength of the company.
MESSRS. SCANLON AND CRONIN in their new Irish sketch, entitled LIFE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.
MR. HARRY MONTAGUE, the artistic comique, in his songs, sketches, nice hits and naughty novelties
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Together with Regular Company Every Evening. 44-18

COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE.
Corner of West Twelfth street and Greenwich avenue.
THE AMERICAN ALHAMBRA.
Hexam Unrivaled.
Come early if you want a seat.
FIFTY STARS
performing
TWENTY ACTS EVERY NIGHT.
EIGHT NEW STARS THIS WEEK. SEE BILLS.
TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 29, 1876,
will be our
GRAND CO

LINES

SUGGESTED BY SOME PERSONAL OF AN ARTICLE IN THE OLYMPIA, DEPARTURE OF THE BIRTHDAY GREETINGS AND PRESENTATION OF HORSE OF MR. HARRY EDDINGTON, AND TO WHOM THESE LINES ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Another year at home on, persevering life
Old Time has gathered to his tomb of ages;
And I behold a new one dawn upon me,
What heart can grateful to Almighty God,
And bless'd be every hand that lends jeopardy,
As we its worst in happy days gone by,
To hail my birthday!

O true memory!
How, in the rainbow colors of young hope,
Dost thou recall the bright anticipations
Of ever sanguine and romantic boyhood.
Borne on thy magic pinions, I dwell again
Where all the young impressions of my heart,
Its friendships and associations, first
Were formed. I am once more a careless, happy boy,
Whose spirit roams abroad as light and free
As the bright summer wings he chased returns,
Unseen and swiftly, through the sunbeat air.
I dream, and dream again, that manhood's dawn
Would give bright promise of a happy life,
With fame, contentment, love, that would repay
The yearnings of a young and ardent soul,
Which panted for the favor of mankind,
And the renown I've which my brethren sigh.
Ah, sweet reality! the dream has passed,
E'en as the handscape which, in sparkling frost,
Attracts the wondering eye of rosy childhood,
Melts when the sunbeam strikes it.

But not so
My early dreams and bright expectations;
For they have been realized: no buried hopes
On which cold Destiny, with blighting touch,
Has placed her relentless hand.
And this is my noon of life, unclouded;
This is the evening of my days with these I love;
And may these, friends, be as prosperous and serene
As is the joyous dawn of my brightest dream.

SCOTT MARVEL.

VIOLET MILDMAY;
OR,
IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But, with the closing hour of Hope be blind.—CAMPBELL.

There entered a short, wiry old gentleman, with a pleasant but shrewd face, crowned by smoothly-parted white hair. It was Mr. Thaxton the lawyer. He looked from one to the other with inquiring and acute attention.

Mrs. Mildmay came forward and held out her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Thaxton!" she exclaimed, with agitated earnestness, "I am so glad you came."

"So am I," if I am needed," said Mr. Thaxton, bowing over her hand and glancing at the captain.

"This is Captain Murpoint."

The captain bowed, but, as he was pouring some eau de cologne upon Violet's handkerchief, he could not shake hands.

"Something dreadful has happened," continued Mrs. Mildmay hurriedly; "we did not know that Violet was in the room, and—and—oh, dear, oh, dear!" And the simple, good-hearted lady burst into tears.

Violet rose, calm and terribly quiet.

"Do not cry, aunt," she said. "Mr. Thaxton, I am glad you have come; something terrible has happened." Then she turned to the captain, and, with a gesture almost of command, said: "Will you tell Mr. Thaxton?"

Mr. Thaxton took her hand.

"Wait a while," he said. "You distress yourself, Miss Violet, perhaps without adequate cause. What has happened? Come, come!"

And the old man patted her head soothingly, though nothing of his acuteness abated.

Then he led Violet to a seat, and himself drew a little apart with the captain, who had been all this time, so to speak, measuring his man.

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Thaxton. "Nothing nearly concerning the family, I hope?"

"N—o," said the captain gravely, and then he placed Mr. Thaxton in possession of the facts which were generally known.

A body had been found at the foot of the cliff. The corpse had been identified as the body of the captain's late valet, Jem Starling. Near the body a hat had been found. That hat belonged to Leicester Dodson.

At the name Mr. Thaxton's sharp eyes shot a swift glance at Violet. She saw the glance, but did not flinch. Mr. Thaxton nodded once or twice thoughtfully.

"Where is the body?" he asked.

"Lying at the coastguard station," replied the captain.

"I think," said Mr. Thaxton, "that I should like to walk up there."

"You will take some refreshment first?" said Mrs. Mildmay.

"No, thank you," said the lawyer. "I will wait until I return." And he took up his hat.

The captain and he walked out of the room. Before they had crossed the hall they heard the door open again, and Violet came softly towards them.

"You are going to learn something more?" she said, laying her hand upon the lawyer's arm.

"I hope so, my dear young lady," he replied, gently.

"Mind!" said Violet, "you will tell me everything—everything!" she repeated emphatically. "I will have no excuse, no concealment; I must know everything."

"Certainly," said the lawyer quickly, "you shall know everything."

"It is the best way," he said to the captain, when Violet had glided away again. "I do not really want to see the body; it was only an excuse to get outside."

"I see," said the captain, who had come to the conclusion that Mr. Thaxton was a man to be feared, and who had determined to be extremely cautious. "I see," he said. "It is a very sad thing—very. I went up to the house at the Cedars, to find Mr. Dodson, but he was not to be found."

"Hem!" said the lawyer. "Is he a great friend of the family's?"

"Yes," said the captain, "and he may be greater."

"I understand," said the acute lawyer, "I understand. Well, I hope he is a nice young fellow, and that this ugly cloud may blow over; of course the suspicions are ill-founded."

"Oh, yes—no doubt," said the captain airily. "It is not to be supposed for a moment that he committed the murder——"

"You have made up your mind that it was murder—not accident or suicide?" interrupted the lawyer quietly.

The captain shrugged his shoulders. He saw that he must be careful.

"To tell you the truth, I used the term unadvisedly, without thinking. You see, it's all so new to me: we only heard of it an hour ago, and the coastguards seem to think there was foul play."

"Is there nothing but the discovery of the hat near the body to direct suspicion against Mr. Dodson?"

"I do not know," said the captain. "I should think not. Of course, it's quite absurd. He is a fine young fellow—generous, warm-hearted, hasty and impulsive——"

"Oh," said the lawyer, noticing the words which the captain had introduced. "Hasty, was he?"

"Yes, hot-tempered, but generous and forgiving—in fact, the average young man. It is ridiculous to suppose he was capable of committing such a crime."

"Exactly," said the lawyer. And he remained quiet until they had reached the guard-house.

Once more the captain looked down upon the dead body and distorted face with calm, grave complaisance. The lawyer asked a few questions.

"Can I see this hat?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said, the coastguard, approaching the cupboard.

While he was unlocking it, a thin, cadaverous-looking man entered in a quiet, careless sort of fashion, and went up close behind the lawyer.

"There's the hat, sir," said the guard. "It was found close near the corpse, and——Hallo, who are you?"

This was addressed to the intrusive stranger, who had suddenly pushed closer and stretched out his hand.

"What's that?" he said, pointing to a flower in the cupboard.

"That's a flower," returned the coastguard. "Perhaps you didn't hear me ask you who you was?"

"Yes, I did," retorted the stranger mildly. "Where did you find that flower?"

The coastguard stared.

"If you must know," he said with dignity, "that there flower was cleached tight in the dead man's hand!"

"It was, was it?" said the stranger, quietly pushing up to the cupboard and taking up the flower. "A lily," he muttered; "I thought so."

Then, to the astonishment of the coastguard, he quietly shut the cupboard, locked it, and dropped the key in his pocket.

Then he turned, touched his hat to the gentlemen who stood regarding him attentively, and said:

"My name's Dockett, gentlemen. Detective Dockett."

The captain made a gesture of assent.

"Please not to mention that I'm here, gentlemen," said the detective. "I'd like to walk round quietly a bit before the yokels gets the scent of it."

"Certainly," said Mr. Thaxton gravely. "Any assistance I can be to you I shall be glad to render. My name is Thaxton, and I am Mrs. Mildmay's solicitor."

The detective touched his hat again.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "I think I'd like a light trap in a quarter of an hour, and a smart chap who could show me the way to Combe Lodge."

"Lord Lackland's?" said the captain.

"The nearest magistrate," said the detective. The captain glanced at Mr. Thaxton.

At that moment the police-inspector entered hurriedly.

"Well," said the detective, "you can speak out."

"He's gone," said the inspector. "Leastways, I cannot find him or any tidings of him."

The detective brightened up, as it by magic, and a sharp, fierce type of expression came upon his face.

"What, already!" he said quietly. "Have you posted a man at the station?"

"I did that last night," said the inspector.

"And telegraphed a description of him?"

"Yes," said the man.

"Then I must have that light trap at once, if you please, gentlemen," said Mr. Dockett.

Hurriedly the party left the station and ran down the path to the village.

"For whom are you looking?" asked Mr. Thaxton of the detective.

"Mr. Leicester Dodson," said the detective shortly. "It was his hat, and he was seen on the cliff road."

"But—but," said the captain, "it is impossible!" The detective glanced at him and smiled.

"Nothing's impossible in a murder, sir. I think I can get a trap or a horse here quicker than going up to the Park. Here, saddle me a horse, sharp, boy, and I'll give you a shilling."

There was confusion instantly all round the "Blue Lion," at the door of which stood Martha, grim and fierce, as usual. A horse was saddled, and, after giving a few instructions to the inspector, Detective Dockett dashed off. The captain looked at Mr. Thaxton with perplexity and dismay.

"This is preposterous and ridiculous! Mr. Leicester Dodson is the most respected man in the place."

Mr. Thaxton shook his head gravely.

"The course the detective is adopting is inevitable," he said. "We had better go to the Cedars and see his father or mother."

"Come along, then," said the captain, who seemed all excitement and indignation, and the two gentlemen hurried off.

At the gates of the Cedars they found a policeman, and it was some moments before he would permit them to pass. At last they succeeded in overcoming his scruples and made their way to the house.

Mrs. Dodson came to them, pale and agitated; but her scorn at the mere idea of Leicester's committing such a deed helped to keep her up. She answered all their questions as she had done those of the inspector.

"Leicester is not here," she said, "and I cannot tell you where he is. He often goes away suddenly and unexpectedly. He may be in London, but if he is he will come down at once. I have telegraphed for him and his father, who went up with Mr. Lennox. What is all this silly story about a murder, Captain Murpoint?"

The captain did his best, or pretended to do, to reassure and soothe her, and Mr. Thaxton, after a few moments' silence, asked if he could see the valet.

Mrs. Dodson dispatched a messenger to find the valet, who soon appeared, looking as bewildered as everyone else. He, however, threw some light upon the matter by informing them of the dispatch of the portmanteau.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Thaxton. "Why did you not say so before?"

The man hung his head. He was a faithful fellow, and had hoped, by concealing his master's destination, that he should give him all the more time to get out of the way, "if so be as he had committed a mistake."

"Foolish fellow!" said Mr. Thaxton. "It is to your master's interest to return and clear up the matter. We must telegraph to the Isle of Man. If, as I suppose, Mr. Leicester Dodson started last night, he would not reach there until midday. Do not be alarmed, madam; he will assuredly hurry back, post haste, and set the affair straight, so far as he is concerned."

"That I am confident of, sir," said Mrs. Dodson with simple dignity.

The two gentlemen rose and departed, the captain still excited, the lawyer very calm and thoughtful. They telegraphed, through the police, to the Isle of Man, and waited feverishly for an answer. An answer came late that night. The Wave had come in, telegraphed the skipper of the yacht, but Mr. Leicester had not arrived by it. Before nightfall the hue-and-cry was in full voice, and the police were on the alert to arrest Leicester Dodson wherever and whenever he might be found, on a charge of willful murder.

By this time Violet's feelings and conduct had changed in a most remarkable manner. At first, when she suspected Leicester, and there had been no hue-and-cry, she seemed to be overwhelmed, and almost to be convinced of his guilt. But directly all the village and the country shook their heads, and said it was a singular thing that he did not return and prove his innocence, Violet's manner and mood changed. When the detective was armed with his warrant she flashed up with passionate indignation.

"What!" she exclaimed, "is a gentleman to be accused of murder because he happens to make a journey without publishing his intention to the general public! It is an insult to common sense to suppose for one moment that Leicester Dodson could be guilty of such a crime! Wait a little while, only a little while, and he will come back and hurl the foolish suspicions in your faces." This she said, standing upright with flashing eyes, in the drawing-room, in the presence of Lord and Lady Lackland, the captain and Mr. Thaxton.

"Not quickly," said the captain eagerly. "It is an insult to common sense—but—but—I wish he would come back."

"So he will," said Violet staunchly. "You think I am more enthusiastic in my defense of Mr. Dodson than I might be," she added, turning to Lady Lackland with a haughty glance. "I am so because I think him innocent, and I am anxious to do justice to that belief. When I last saw Mr. Dodson I parted from him in anger; he was unjust to me, but that is no reason why I should be unjust to him. He is innocent, and, what's more," she concluded vehemently, "I do not believe the man was murdered at all."

The party glanced at each other. Alas! they had concealed one part of the evidence against Leicester—the most convincing of all.

"No!" she said. "He was a drunken fellow. I do not wish to speak ill of him, now he is dead, but it seems to me that the defense of the innocent is in some measure set as a too strict respect for the unworthy dead. I have seen him lying intoxicated in the road. You all say the cliff path is narrow and the road dangerous for a sober man at the best of times; how much more dangerous for a drunken man of a dark night?"

The words looked at each other again. Lady Lackland rose to take her departure. Lord Lackland, solemn and stately, and quite unmoved as usual, bent over Violet's hand.

"You are an enthusiastic advocate, my dear young lady," he said, with the subdimest complacency.

His cold-heartedness fired Violet.

"It is not my place to play advocate," she said, "but someone should do it, and I have at least this excuse—I am sure that he would defend me!"

The Lacklands took their departure. Fritz and Ethel were in town. Violet rang the bell.

"Order the carriage," she said, with an air strangely masterful and commanding. "I am going up to Mrs. Dodson."

"I will come with you, if you will allow me," said the captain.

"I would rather go alone, thanks," said Violet.

And she started. As her carriage entered the lodge gates a post-chaise dashed by, in which Violet passed her. It was Mr. Dodson and Bertie, the former all pale with fear and anxiety, the latter white with indignation. Mr. Dodson held out his hand in a nervous tremor.

"This is kind of you," he said. "You are a good young lady to come up to his poor mother. Nothing has been heard or discovered?"

"No," said Violet cheerfully. "He has not heard the rumors of these vile suspicions yet. He'll be back directly, sir, never fear."

"Heaven bless you!" cried the old man, clasping her hands and bursting into tears. "You give me consolation and courage. You believe him innocent?"

"As I believe in Heaven?" said Violet devoutly.

"You are a noble woman!" exclaimed Bertie, flushing with delight.

Violet turned to him eagerly and entreatingly.

"Oh, Mr. Lennox, you are his friend. Go after him, search for him and find him—tell him all the cruel things that are being said of him and bring him back to prosecute them."

Bertie bit his lip.

"I would go to the ends of the earth, my dear Miss Mildmay," he said hotly; "but whither am I to go first? He is not in the Isle of Man, for we sent a special messenger, and, indeed, the police have visited the island from corner to corner. He is not in London—at least, not any of the places of which I know. He has not been to the club, his first house of call when he comes to town; and again, if he were in London he could not fail to hear of this terrible affair, and would, of course, hasten down here to set it straight."

Violet hid her face in her hands for a moment.

"Oh, if one could only have power to cleave space and see the world from corner to corner, if only for a moment! Where can he be? where can he be?"

The old man sighed, and looked at her strangely.

"He talked of Africa; he—he was not happy. I am afraid. Forgive me!" for Violet had burst into tears.

"It was all my fault," she sobbed, "all my fault; but I sent after him; I did, indeed, late as it was—I sent after him!"

"Eh?" said Bertie.

Then, with many tears and hesitations, she told the two of the captain's embassage.

Bertie's face grew graver than ever.

"There is some fearful mystery here, I am afraid," he said.

"What?" breathed Violet. "Oh, what do you suspect?"

"Nothing—at least at present." said Bertie, passing his hand across his brow. "Let us come in."

"Yes," said Violet, "I am going to take Mrs. Dodson over to the Park. I will take no refusal. There is plenty of room for you two also, if you care to come. Lord and Lady Lackland will have Mrs. Dodson," and so the impulsive, generous girl here everything down before her and carried Mrs. Dodson off. It was the best thing she could have done, for the old lady's strength and courage needed the young girl's faith to sustain them. The day waned. Nothing had been heard of Leicester. The coroner's inquest had been adjourned till the morrow, and some important evidence or clues had been discovered. The whole village, much crowded by people from other outlying places, was out in the open air, talking over the affair. There was a murmur that the gentry at the Park were mixed up in it, and that some of them would be summoned before the coroner on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

No hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on.—SHAKESPEARE.

In the morning, amidst great excitement, the news went forth that Miss Violet Mildmay had been summoned to give evidence before the common jury.

Crowds assembled round the park and a mob at the doors of the "Blue Lion," where the inquest was held.

Many of the excited throng revered and loved Violet, and felt indignant that any coroner or anyone else should presume to require her presence, and not a few felt inclined to take the "Blue Lion" by storm and pitch the coroner, jurymen and all out of the window.

Eleven o'clock, which was the hour fixed upon for the inquiry, came, and a buzz of excitement rang through the crowd as the Park carriage was seen descending the steep road.

The two grays dashed a path for themselves through the mob, and pulled up at the inn door.

Then there descended the captain, Mr. Thaxton, and Violet.

Mrs. Mildmay and Mrs. Dodson had wanted to come with her, but Violet would not permit it.

"I am not nervous, and I shall not faint or do anything stupid," said the courageous girl. "I shall speak the truth, and while I do so not twenty times twelve men could daunt me. I am glad they have summoned me."

With all this, however, she paled a little as she leant upon Mr. Thaxton's arm and bowed to the roar of welcome which the great-throated policemen and villagers set up when she came by the path they made for her.

"You are a great favorite," said Mr. Thaxton in her ear. "Do you feel strong and brave?"

"Quite," said Violet, with a sad smile. "I am not nervous."

There was a dead silence as they entered the long room. On the table, in the middle of the next room, lay the body, covered over with a sheet. Violet shuddered slightly as she passed it. They brought a large chair. Mr. Thaxton stood beside her, with one hand upon her chair, to reassure and give her confidence by his near presence. The captain was accommodated with a seat near. The coroner, a grave, irritable and quite callous individual, looked up over his spectacles, and said, in a thin, sharp voice:

"Violet Mildmay."

"Stand up," whispered Mr. Thaxton, assisting her to rise.

Violet stood up.

"Is your name Violet Mildmay," asked the coroner, amidst the most breathless silence.

"It is," said Violet.

"Have you been into the body?"

"May I be permitted to urge," said Mr. Thaxton, in his quiet, self-contained voice, "that, as the question of identity has been settled, viewing the body in this witness's case is not necessary?"

The coroner looked up sharply.

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am the solicitor watching the case for Miss Violet Mildmay," said Mr. Thaxton.

"Oh," said the coroner. "Then, being a lawyer, sir, you should know that a witness cannot be sworn in unless he or she view the body and identify it."

Violet shuddered slightly: then, in a low voice which could be heard to the extreme corner of the room, she said:

"I will see the body."

Mr. Thaxton led her to the table and reverently drew back the cloth. Violet glanced at it with a visible horror, then returned to the chair.

"Do you recognize the body as that of James Starling?" asked the coroner.

"I do," said Violet.

"Be good enough to state what you know of deceased."

"I knew him to be the servant of Captain Howard Murpoint. I have heard——"

"Stop, please," said the coroner; "hearsay is not evidence. I had better put the questions to you. How did you become acquainted with the deceased?"

"He was the servant of Captain Howard Murpoint."

"Did he reside at your residence?"

"He did."

"When did you see him last?"

Violet mentioned the date.

"Under what circumstances?"

Violet recounted the details of Jem's dismissal.

"Oh," said the coroner, "and is it in your knowledge that the deceased was dismissed at the instigation of Leicester Dodson?"

This was the first time Leicester's name had been mentioned during the examination, and a slight rose-flush tinted her face as she replied:

"It is."

"You saw Leicester Dodson strike the deceased and fell him to the ground?"

"I did," said Jim.

"You also heard Leicester Dodson utter the threat that he should defend himself against the deceased?"

"I did, wi' my own ears."

"You saw the deceased and Leicester Dodson exchange blows on another occasion?"

"Yes, I did."

"You may stand down," said the coroner glancing at the jury. "Next we will call Captain Howard Murpoint."

There was a stir as the captain, rather pale and very grave-looking, stepped into the box.

"Your name is Howard Murpoint, captain in Her Majesty's service?"

"It is," said the captain in a voice properly pitched and visibly reluctant.

"Have you seen the body, and do you recognize it as that of your late servant, James Starling?"

"I have and I do," replied the captain.

"Be good enough to inform the jury of the circumstances attending his dismissal."

The captain then, in a few short words, told of Jem's discovery by Leicester, of Leicester's complicity, of Jem's consequent discharge.

"There was an ill-feeling between the two?" asked the coroner.

"No, not on Mr. Dodson's part whatever," said the captain.

It was the first answer favorable to the accused, and there was a slight stir of satisfaction.

"Silence!" said the coroner. "Oh, not on Mr. Dodson's part? Have you seen any of the collisions between the deceased and him?"

"Yes," said the captain.

And to the coroner's inquiry he described that unlucky meeting of the wretched Jem and the unfortunate Leicester.

"When did you see the deceased?"

"On the night of his death," said the captain gravely.

"Tell us where," said the coroner, leaning back.

"I saw him leaving the inn late at night, at closing time, in company with other men."

"What afterwards?" said the coroner.

The captain hesitated.

"Come, speak out!" said the coroner.

"Yes, I saw him afterwards," said the captain. There was a stir of excitement.

"When and where?"

"A few minutes later" said the captain, "going in the direction of the cliff."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone."

"Where were you when you saw him?"

"Ascending the hill in the opposite direction to the Park, in fact, said the captain.

"It was a dark night?"

"Rather; but I saw him as I turned half-way up the hill and looked back."

The coroner made his notes and continued, amidst a silence intense and profound:

"When did you see Leicester Dodson?"

"On the same night," replied the captain, reluctantly, half-turning towards the motionless form of Violet.

Everyone noticed the reluctance and the gesture.

"On the same night, while in the village," said the captain, more reluctantly still.

"Speak up and at once, if you please, Captain Murpoint," said the coroner gravely. "Did you speak with him?"

"I did," said the captain.

"Be good enough to tell the jury the substance of the conversation."

Mr. Thaxton stepped close up to the coroner and said a few words quietly. The coroner wrinkled his brow, and answered aloud, sharply enough:

"Not at present. The question that objection, sir. In any emergency of this nature much may be received that could not be accepted in a court of law. It is evidence enough for the jury. Answer, if you please, Captain Murpoint."

"I was the bearer," said the captain reluctantly and in a low voice, "of a message from Miss Mildmay."

"Of what nature?"

"A message of conciliation to Mr. Leicester Dodson, who had parted from that lady on bad terms, produced by a misunderstanding."

"And you took a message of conciliation? How was that message received?"

"Not in the spirit in which it was sent!"

"Can you not remember the exact words?"

"I cannot," said the captain, as if trying to remember.

"At least," said the coroner, "you can tell the jury some portion of the conversation?"

"I remember," said the captain, "that I requested Mr. Dodson to accompany me to the Park."

"And he refused?" said the coroner.

"He did," replied the captain.

"Did you part from him then?"

"I did," said the captain.

"Which way did you go?" asked the coroner.

"Back to the Park," said the captain.

"And Mr. Dodson, which way did he take?"

"Towards the cliff," replied the captain, amidst great though suppressed excitement.

"Silence!" said the coroner. "I must have perfect silence, or the room must be cleared. You saw him go towards the cliff, and that was the last you saw of him?"

"It was," said the captain.

"You may stand down," said the coroner; but before the captain could go back to his seat Mr. Dockett, who had been standing near the coroner, whispered a few words and placed something on the desk.

"Stay!" said the coroner. "Did you, Captain Murpoint, on the occasion when you last saw Leicester Dodson, give him a flower?"

There was a breathless silence, and all eyes were directed towards the captain. He hesitated, glanced at Violet, and in a very low voice said:

"I did."

"Was that flower a lily—a garden lily?"

Again there was a painful pause.

"It was," said the captain.

"When you gave that lily to Leicester Dodson, what did he do with it?"

The captain remained silent for some minutes. The coroner repeated his question in a sterner voice.

"He placed it," said the captain, "in his buttonhole—he" he added hurriedly, as if unwilling to tell all, "he may have thrown it away."

"Come," said the coroner. "You swear that he placed it in his buttonhole. Will you swear that you do not know whether he did so, or threw it away?"

"He placed it in his buttonhole," said the captain. There was a stir in the court, and someone attempted to leave the room.

"Close that door," said the coroner. "No one must be allowed to leave the room or enter it during the inquiry. Be placed it in his buttonhole? Now, Captain Murpoint, will you swear that you do not remember what he said?"

The captain hesitated, and at last faltered out:

"He said, 'Tell her that I accept her flower, but will not have her love.'"

"That will do," said the coroner. "You may stand down. Call Walter Fielding," he said, and a policeman pushed forward.

The usual question was put and he was sworn.

"Walter Fielding, you discovered the body of the deceased. Tell the jury where and in what manner."

"I was walkin' round the foot of the cliff arter mussels, the tide was coming in, and I'd just got round the Bear's Head when I see a summut a-lyin' on the rocks. I thought at first it were a lobster-basket. But when I'd come up nearer I see as how it were a man. He was a-lyin' on his face, and I turned him over and see it were Jem Starling."

"Whom you identify as the body lying in the next room?"

"Yees; it were him."

"Did the body bear any marks of violence?"

"There were a knock or two, and a ugly hole on the head, as if he'd been stabbed."

Here the jury referred to the doctor's evidence.

"An ugly wound, which you took for a stab? Did you find anything near the body?"

"I did; a hat."

Here the hat was produced and handed to the witness.

"Is that the hat?"

"It be."

The hat was handed to the jury.

"Was there anything peculiar about the body?"

"No—leastways there was a flower clutched in the chap's hand."

Here a murmur of excitement rose that was not to be suppressed for a few moments. And amidst it all Violet was seen to rise, pallid as a ghost, and with wild, affrighted and troubled looks.

"A—flower!" she breathed.

"Was this the flower?" asked the coroner.

"It was," replied the man.

As he spoke the words a cry rose from the terrified girl. Instant confusion reigned. Mr. Thaxton, assisted by the captain, carried her from the room. The coroner proceeded, and, after placing the evidence before the jury, they, without retiring, returned a verdict of willful murder against Leicester Dodson.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

There is one strip of narrow earth
Unto my heart more dear
Than all within a kingdom's girth,
With wealth of golden gear.
Though I should leave my native home,
To Fortune's frank a share,
I'd not forget that stretch of loam—
It is my brother's grave.

You scarce can tell the earthen length
From any place around,
Nor iron palings lend their strength
To guard the sacred ground.
On it is reared no tomb nor mound,
No cherished flowers wave:
Enough for me the simple truth—
It is my brother's grave.

While mighty ones in every land
Are shrined in marble fame,
The lowly graves cannot command
A shelter from the rain;
Yet sunbeams through the painted glass
Will scarcely reach the nave,
But often shine upon the grass
Above my brother's grave.

The idle ones, with careless stamp,
May walk the hallowed sod;
But yonder pilgrim, weary tramp
The young who die in God;
To show upon the Judgment Day
Some flow'rets He must save,
And such a one lies in the clay
That forms my brother's grave.

THE IRISH SAILOR'S YARN.

The Ghost on Board Ship.

I have followed the say, man and boy, say time these thirty years and more; and sure it's but little I have to tell you about that same in the way of short commons, long voyages, mishaps, and shipwrecks that would be interesting to you, seeing that, in all reasonable probabilities, you have all of you had your fair share of the like. However, maybe I can spin you a short yarn about what everyone of you hasn't seen, and that is a ghost on board ship.

"A ghost on board ship!" chorused the sailors, turning eagerly towards the speaker.

"Bedad, ye may say that, and as fine a ghost as ever mortial man sat eyes upon."

You must know, I was always partial to the say, and first tried my hand at a mate's life 'ard a cousin of my mother's, who had a small sloop he used for fishing along the coast off the Cove of Cork.

It was on board the little Shamrock I got my sea-legs, and, by the same token, many a sharp rope's-ending into the bargain.

I had plinty to ate, and plinty to drink, and plinty of hard work, too, as there were but three hands on board—my cousin, one man, and myself, making up the entire crew. I was well enough trated, and had no reason to complain.

The sloop was a fast sailer, and a good say-boat, and I ought to have been continted—but somehow it's myself that wasn't satisfied at all, at all. I never saw the like of the big ships that trade to furrin parts that I didn't long to clamber up their sides, and see if I couldn't get a berth—anything from captain to cabin-boy, I wasn't particular—on board one of them.

One fine day, when the little sloop was high and dry, my cousin stepped into a shebeen to get a taste of the mountain-dew, and I give me wife the call to my share, which was a dale more pewter than whisky—for it's mighty little of the latter was left in the measure whin he handed it to me—whin a tall, spare, good-looking sort of a chap enough, with lashings of bright brass buttons on his coat and waistcoat, and a smart gould band round his peaked cap, who happened to be taking his morning's refreshments at the same time, said to my cousin as he emptied his noggin:

"Fill that," says he, "onct more—fill that and drink wid me."

"Never say it again," says my cousin. "Fill and drink the wor'd this time with you, and the next with me, honest man!"

"All right!" replied the stranger.

And fill and drink it was more than onct round, you may be on your oath.

"That's a smart youngster!" says he wid the band and buttons, pointing to me.

"The boy's well enough as a boy," says my cousin. "He's strong, handy and willing, and not the sort of lad to kape where there's an empty larder; but if he ates well, he works well; so more power to his elbow, and double rations wid all my heart!"

"That's the lad for my money!" says the stranger. "Would you like to thry a thrip with me, youngster?"

"What ship do you belong to, sir?" I asked.

"That," says he, going to the door of the public, and pointing to a splendid three-master, with the stars-and-stripes at the peak.

"And where do you sail to, sir?" says I.

"New York," replied he.

"Where's that, if it's plasin' to you, sir?" says I.

"In Amerikay," says he, "the land of the brave and the home of the free!"

"Amerikay!" broke in my cousin. "My sister's wife's uncle has a son there—a tall young man, badly pock-marked, with a slight cast in his left eye, and hair as red as a fox. Lanty O'Gorman is the name he has upon him. He has been there two years and better. Mayhap you have met him?"

"I dare say I have," said the stranger, laughing heartily.

"Would you take a message to him, sir?" asked my cousin.

"I'd be everlastingly delighted," says he, "but there's a dale of O'Gormans about; and as most of them are pock-marked, squint, and have red heads, I'm afraid I'd be bothered to know him. Do you think that young shaver would remimber him?"

"Faith and troth I would, sir," says I, "by reason of the leathering he gave me onct for making an April fool of him, telling him the chickens the ould hen had hatched from the duck's eggs had took to the water, and if he didn't hurry and get them out of the pond every mother's son of them would be drownded!"

"Wal," said the stranger, "it's an almighty pity you aint there to see him. The man I know of the name of O'Gorman is as rich as mud: and if he took a liking to you, he could make your fortune right off the reel in less than no time."

"I'd give the worrild to go," says I.

"Come, old man," says the Yankee—I found out afterwards he was an Amerikan—"what do you say? Will you let this young shaver take a trip with me? He shall be well cared for under the stars-and-stripes. I'll give him fair pay and good usage. Fact is, I am in want of a smart land, who has got his say-legs, to wait upon myself and a few extra cabin passengers. I like the cut of the boy's jib; so say yes or no—how is it to be? It will be for the lad's good."

"Arrah, good luck to ye, cousin darlint, let me go! It has been the wish of my heart, alapin' and wakin', this many a long day! Let me go, and sorra a rap I'll spind of the lashings of goold Cousin Lanty will give me, but bring every penny home, safe and sound, just as he puts it into my hand!"

"You offer fair and honest," says my cousin. "It's true for you, it would be for the boy's good—far better than his wasting his time dredging and coasting about here; but—what would his mother say?"

"Wal," said the stranger, "I have done a good many pretty considerable difficult things in my time; but as to my being able to tell you what his mother, or any other female woman of the feminine persuasion, would be likely to say, my hand won't run to that; so, rather than play the game out, I'll hand in my cards. What I want to know is, what you mean to say to it; and you must be smart making up your mind, for the Brother Jonathan will trip her anchor brigh and early in the morning! Yes, sir-ree!"

To cut the matter short, boys, the Yankee skipper gave my cousin enough in advance to find me in the slops I wanted; and I felt as if I could lep over the moon for joy when I saw the ship's articles signed, and myself rated, at fair wages, as cabin-boy for the outward and return trips.

The old people lived some twenty miles inland, so there was no chance of seeing them to bid good-bye; and maybe that was all for the best, as it wasn't till the hurry and bustle of buying my kit was over, and I got fairly on board, that the thought of my father and mother, little Norah and Patsey, came across my mind; and when it did, the joy I felt at getting the great wish of my heart gratified—sailing in an elegant three-master—with more people on board her (she was an emigrant ship) than there was in my own native village, and a dozen besides—turned into unfeigned sorrow at parting from them; and, for the life of me, I couldn't close my eyes all night, because of the scalding hot tears that would force their way from under the lids. But boys are boys, and sorrow sits lightly on young hearts; and it's a blessin' it does, for sure we get enough of it when we grow older, and, perhaps, wiser, and better able to bear it.

Faith, it was much as I could do to wondher at everything on boord the beautiful clipper—for a clipper she was, boys, and could knock off her twelve knots an hour as easy as a bird flies.

The skipper was as good a seaman as ever boxed a compass; the crew, barring the shulkers, were well trated. As for the "ould soldiers," why say *they* got bized and started was—I must use a Yankee word—a cantion!

We made the Battery at New York in a few hours over thirty days. I got leave to go on shore with the third mate, a mighty dacint young man; and when I would him I wanted him to take me to my cousin, by my mother's sister's side, whose name was O'Gorman, with the small-pox, a squint, and a foxy head. I thought he'd taken a seven-years' lease of a laugh, and would—unless he split his sides—never do anything else but that same for the rest of his born days.

To cut the matter short, he tould me the skipper had sould me as chape as a speckled orange! So I gave up all hopes of finding my cousin and my fortune; saw as much as I could of the beautiful city; bought a trifle or two to take home; and, after another splendid run, was landed safe and sound once more on the dear ould Cove of Cork.

"Then you saw no ghost in that ship?" says Bostock.

Paths, I did?

"But you have told us nothing about it?" says I.

Wait till a while ago. I tuck my wages and started for the public, where I knew I should find my cousin—and right glad he was to see me; but I couldn't help feeling as if something was wrong, by the way he looked and answered me, whin I asked afther the ould people and little Norah and Patsey.

"Take a tumbler of punch, now," says he, "and we'll talk of that afterwards."

"Not at all," says I. "The news, whether good or bad, will go better with the punch; so we'll have them together. How is my darlint mother?"

"Well!" says he.

"And dad?" I inquired.

"Well, too," says he.

"Thank the Lord for that!" says I. "And the little ones?"

"Happy and hearty!" says he.

"Thanks be to Heaven, again!" says I. "But what's the matter wid you, at all, man alive?"

"The matter wid me!" said he. "What would be the matter wid me?" said he.

"Sorra a one of me knows!" replied I. "But you look as if you were at a wake about whiskey for!"

"You didn't hear much about what happened at Ballyshevan, in Amerikay?" says he.

"Faith you're right! Not much more than I did about Faxy O'Gorman, wid his squint and red hair!" said I, laughing to think what a fool the skipper had made of me.

"There's nothing to laugh at *here*!" says he. "There's only two things that have been plentiful this season!"

"Potatoes and oats?" says I.

"No such luck," says he.

"What thin?" I asked.

"Funeral *and fever!*" he says pat.

You might have knocked me down with a jack-straw when I heard those words. I raled back, and if it hadn't been for a binch that was close against the wall, which I clutched a hould of, and managed to bring myself up with, I'd have fallen full length on the floor.

"Have a good sup of this!" says he, handing me his tumbler full of punch; "and don't take on so," says he. "You are better off than most of the neighbors! Sure death hasn't knocked at your door, and all you love are living—though they have a hard time of it—to welcome you back."

"You are right," says I as I started up, "and the sooner I get that welcome the better. What am I wasting my time here for, at all, at all, whin I ought to be there!—it's only twenty miles. It's sixty yet; I can be home by nightfall. I have promised to return, but I've got three days' lave, so I'm off at onct."

I won't hape you on the road; sure it's longer than ever it seemed; but it came to an end at last. I forgot all my fatigue whin I opened the door and stepped inside the threshhold; it was between day-light and dark—there was no candle burning—but I could see the forms of the four people most dear to me on earth. An involuntary "The Vargin be praised!" broke from my lips.

"My son!—my son!" almost screamed my mother; and if I had been four boys instead of one, there wouldn't have been room enough on me for the kisses they all wanted to give me at the same time.

Whin the first great joy of our meeting was over, I began to ask pardon for quitting ould Ireland widout their lave.

"Don't spake about it, darlint," said my mother; thin, pointing upwards, she added, in mighty solemn: "Glory be to Him—it was His will, and it was the best day's work ever you did. Tell him what has happened."

"I will," said my father. "You see, Phil, my son, soon after you sailed for Amerikay the old master died, and the estate came into the hands of his nephew, a wild, harum-scarum sort of a chap, that hapes the hoith of company with the quality and rich people in London and Paris, and the lord knows where else besides; but never sets his foot, nor spinds a skurrick here, where the money that pays for his houses and carriages and race-horses and the wine his foine friends drinks—when his tenants is starving—comes from. Seeing how things were likely to go, the ould agent threw up his place rather than rack the tenants any further; this just suited my gintleman, who sent over a new one, a hard man, wid a heart of stone, and he drove the poor craytures as a wolf would drive a flock of shape: they did their best, till their crops failed, to kape their bits of farms; but then—God help them! they were dead bate—sure, the famine came, and the famine brought on the faver; they couldn't pay; they were evicted by dozens; and the evictions brought on something worse than the famine or faver—something they hungered and thirsted for more—typhus and shrink."

"What was that, father dear?"

"*Revinge!*" says he.

"Revinge! father—revinge!" I muttered.

JOHN STETSON.—(A DREAM.)

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOE A. GULICK.

[Time Dream.—the Howard—rehearsal.]

The performers began to come in;
The orchestra all in their places,
And Stetson said: "Time to begin.
Mr. So-and-so, run through your music—
Sing just as you will at night;
I want to see how you do it,
And then I'll be sure it's right.
That's good. Now, Mr. Ker—Rooney,
Bring your music. I s'pose it's arranged—
There's eight bars' rest for the cornet—
Mr. Lender, just have that changed."

A pale young man, very nervous,
Hands each musician his part;
He's afraid to speak o'er a whisper,
For he knows his business is "fast,"
And here's heard of the fate of others,
And he knows it's all the truth.
About Stetson telling the fellow
To "go hunt for the friends of his youth."

And the fate of—I think it was Davis—
When not an hour was too long (though fine),
How he walked his dogs in the alley
From eight till a quarter of nine;
And yet he got through rehearsal,
And hurries home again,
And he laughs to himself so slyly,
And chuckles now and then.

'Tis night, and he's ready standing
In the entrance. Now the bell
Rings, and the music's playing—
Oh goes the nervous swell.
The first verse through, they're hissing;
But he sings a second more,
And, though John in the wings is raging,
He keeps on and sings a score;
And he won't come off, but keeps staging
And raising a horrible din.
For he's down in front of the curtain—
No chance to close him in.

At last he comes off, and Stetson
Says: "You've got a pretty hard sheek—
Go out and see Ben Tryon—
He'll pay you off for a week!
But you can't play here any longer,
You unmitigated fraud.
Pack up your clothes, and sherry,
Or 'go West and carry a hod.'"

He goes out and gets his salary,
He counts it o'er and o'er;
Then says to Tryon: "I never
Was on the stage before;
But, you see, I was broke, and knowing—
Though of course I wouldn't 'take'—
That I'd get a whole week's salary,
I thought I'd just make a stake.
So give my love to Stetson.
A wrestling to him and his;
We'll go over to 'Brook's' and smile, boys,
And then—I'll quit the "biz."

THE LIGHTED TORCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CELIA LOGAN.

I.

THE BREWER'S THEATRE.

"Way down South, in the old slave-times, before the war, a strolling—or what would be now called a 'combination company'"—took up their Winter quarters in a certain town. The theatre had not been built for theatrical purposes, but had formed part of a brewery, the owner of which, being passionately fond of the drama, had, in order to encourage its exponents to visit M——, fitted up this low-lying side building as a theatre. He gave it a coat of paint, a little gaudy gilding, and a high-sounding name—"The Temple of the Muses."

The auditorium was comfortable and pleasant enough for those who did not object to the odor of hops; but Mr. Mosgrove, the wealthy brewer, had constructed no stage-entrance nor dressing-rooms, so that the actors were obliged to get into the back of the theatre through the brewery, and to improvise dressing-rooms by standing up flats.

Nevertheless, many a distinguished star had played brilliant engagements in that quaint theatre; many a splendid gift of diamonds had been presented to favorites on that little stage in the palmy days of the South; but these had passed away at the date of this story. The first owner of the theatre had long been dead, leaving to an only son all his possessions, and the guardianship of a young cousin, an orphan girl. She was named Rose Blayden, and resembled her uncle in her large, generous nature and fine mind. Robert Mosgrove loved her, and meant to marry her—cousins marry in the South to this day; but Rose did not affect her cousin's suit, which, as she was very young, he did not press too ardently, but took good care that she should not see too many of the sterner sex.

He was fifteen years her senior, and she looked upon him as she would upon a father, and was somewhat distressed when his manner became more lover-like than paternal.

She was only sixteen, but, like all Southern girls, was fully matured. Eyes that are ebon black, however lovely, too frequently weary by their sameness. Rose's eyes glowed when animated by thought, beamed with mirth, or softened with tenderness. Her long, silken hair was a purple shade of black, like the bloom on a plum; her form was statuesque in its proportions. She was of the standard height, and was the embodiment of grace, while dignity was impressed in every line of her classically-cut features. Proud though she was of her aristocratic birth and station, this girl was destined to fall madly in love with an actor—the leading juvenile man of the company to whom Mosgrove had let the theatre for the Winter.

Stuart Austin was a very handsome man of the blonde type—tall and graceful. He was a talented actor, too, and as Claude Melnotte or Romeo stormed the hearts of all the romantic girls in M——.

It is needless to detail how the acquaintance sprang up between the young actor and the impassioned Southern girl. Mosgrove had never forbidden her to visit the brewery, which was a strange place, full of old nooks and corners, and in it she had played from childhood. It was not until the young couple had exchanged vows and sworn to be each other's that Robert Mosgrove even suspected their acquaintance. His rage knew no bounds. He kept the girl in the house for weeks, and, making the non-payment of the rent—for business had been very bad—an excuse for breaking his contract with the manager, he closed the theatre in the middle of Winter. There was only one member of the company in whom he interested himself, and that, strange to say, was Stuart Austin.

He went in person to a manager of a theatre in an adjoining city, and secretly induced him to offer an engagement to Austin, thereby getting him out of Rose's sight and his way. So closely was Miss Blayden watched, that Stuart found it impossible to communicate with her, and he was obliged to leave to fulfill his new engagement without exchanging one word with her, personally or otherwise. It was not until many miles were between the lovers that Mosgrove permitted Miss Blayden to go out of doors unattended. One morning, as she was slowly threading her way through a lonely street, an old slave-woman shuffled along, and, when close enough to pass her, she pulled her dress and mumbled:

"A gemmen gub me dis for yo," and, slipping a note into her hand, hurried away.

It ran thus:

I will slip through the brewery this evening, as the men are closing up, into the green-room. Meet me there at seven.

I implore you not to fail me, for, having left the company at Jayville, I am going East at once. Your adoring

STUART.

With a heart throbbing with joy, the young girl turned homewards immediately, and, pleading a severe headache, retired to her room and remained there all day. At six o'clock, when supper was announced, she declined everything but a cup of tea, and requested not to be disturbed again that night, as she was going to bed. In half an hour she managed to leave the house unobserved, leaving her room to be guarded by a young slave-girl whom she had taken into her confidence. This was done so that, in case she did not find egress from the brewery as easy as entrance, no search should be made for her, and no scandal take place. If she were inquired after at home, the slave was to say that she was asleep, and must not be disturbed.

Once clear of the house, the love-struck girl almost ran to the brewery, and turned into the spacious alley or courtyard, in which was the large, open door which afforded easiest entrance into the building.

Dark and dismal loomed the brewery over the little deserted theatre and against the twilight sky.

As Rose stopped she saw two men lifting up a few remaining sacks of hops by the hoisting-tackle on a cart. Rose asked them if Mr. Mosgrove were in the brewery. They replied they did not know.

"I will go and see," she said. "Do not lock the door."

They answered that Mr. Mosgrove always did that, and drove off, and she went in.

The light was getting uncertain within the gloomy building, but Rose made out the way by the glare of the glowing furnaces wherein the day's great fires were slowly dying out.

She groped on through dark recesses which, she shuddered to think, might hide darker secrets if Robert Mosgrove were to start out from them and surprise her, seeking Stuart Austin. Alone—at night—in the absence of the brewers, any crime might be committed and hidden. Still on, on she went, through rickety galleries, past enormous barrels, and shining but motionless machinery.

She stumbled over a ladder which was standing against a large vat, one of a number in a row. On the top of this row of vats there ran a balcony or planking, so narrow as not to cover the trap-doors in the vats, and having a light hand-support or rail. On this gallery, overhead, a man was standing, and the waning light through a small window fell directly on his face. It was Stuart Austin!

Seizing the handrail, Rose ran up the rickety steps. He stretched out his arms and clasped her within them.

In the wild, sweet thrill of heart pressed to heart, the bliss of this meeting rapt them in exquisite forgetfulness of the speedy moments until the lessening light warned them of the waning time.

It was Rose who broke the silence.

"How changed you are, Stuart!" clinging closer to him and whispering "O my darling!"

"You love me still, then?"

"Most fervently!"

She told him of Mosgrove's persecution and threats of violence if she should ever marry any but him—Mosgrove.

Wellnigh goaded to madness by her story, his love and hate of his rival, Stuart strained her to his heart and kissed her, not with a happy lover's languishing lip, but with the voluptuous agony of a man who fears that kiss may be his last. He was but a poor actor, he told her; how could he ask the proud Southern beauty and child of wealth to become the sharer of his nomadic and poverty-stricken fate? But she urged that she had wealth enough for both.

"No, no," he answered. "Let me make a name and fortune for myself. You are so young you can wait. Only promise me to wait a few years, and I work with but one thought, one ambition—to become your husband. If, in the meantime, by treachery, that villain Mosgrove should disturb your peace, only apprise me, and I swear I will not spare him!"

"Nor will he spare you!" shouted a familiar voice, discordant with passion.

Start! it, the lovers started apart, and, looking upward, another gallery above, by the light of a torch they beheld the baleful eyes of the infuriate Robert Mosgrove.

II.

THE LIGHTED TORCH.

Beneath the gallery in which Rose and Stuart stood was the row of huge vats; each was so large that three or four men could have stood on the head of it. In order to reach or leave the place where the couple were, this row of vats had to be partly traversed to meet the little staircase by which Rose had ascended; but the narrow balcony did not extend so far along the vats as to reach the one against which leaned the ladder over which Rose had stumbled. The ladder had been put there that day for the purpose of getting to the vat to clean it. A vat is always cleaned as soon as it is emptied of beer. To clean a beer-vat is dangerous work, and a test is always employed to determine that there is not sufficient carbonic-acid gas to prove fatal to human life. For this purpose the bung-door in the head of the vat is opened and a candle lowered down. If the light continues to burn, the workman may descend with safety into the cask; but if it goes out, a man would immediately suffocate in the mephitic gas. The usual experiment having been made with this particular vat, and it having been found filled with foul air, the cleansing had been deferred and the ladder left standing.

Robert Mosgrove appeared in the opening of a doorway, seldom used, in the wall above this vat. He had been going his rounds at dusk, and, hearing a woman's voice—a strange sound at that hour—he had followed it until he came upon the lovers. Had they not stopped, but gone on to the green-room, the tragedy which ensued might have been averted.

Mosgrove held in his hand a brewer's torch, in one end of which was a lighted candle, and in the other a spike, to stick in the floor and hold it upright. Flinging down the torch on the vat beneath, where it caught, and, standing, shed its dim light around, with a yell of rage he leaped after it.

Stuart, as soon as he had seen Mosgrove's threatening face, pushed Rose along the balcony till they came to the staircase, down which he thrust her, and from there she witnessed what took place. Mosgrove ran along the vat-heads, and Stuart advanced, until they met. The two men sprang upon each other with a blind fury like that of wild beasts. Rose shrieked for help, but her voice did not penetrate beyond the thick walls of that grim brewery.

They fought on the vats, with difficulty keeping their footing. In the desperate struggle, Stuart pushed Mosgrove violently against the handrail; it gave way beneath his weight, and with it the little insecure stairs went crashing down at Rose's feet. She begged them to desist for her sake—they heard not, heeded not, for the desire for blood was raging in each man's heart.

On the left of the vats was a rubbish-room, not ceiled over, but partitioned off. They could see into it from where they stood; it joined the line of vats, and was filled with dry, empty cotton sacks, old casks, kegs, light timber and shavings, heaped together in confusion.

Feeling that Stuart was worsting him, Robert began to struggle towards this room, dragging Stuart with him and hissing out a terrible imprecation.

"Dog! would you murder me?"

"Yes," gasped Stuart, "as you would murder me! You shall die!"

"Not by your hand!" he answered, "nor alone."

With superhuman force he wrenched himself loose from Stuart's death-dealing grasp, and snatched up the lighted torch. With a savage laugh he ran to the end of the vats, and lowered it into the rubbish-room, instantly igniting the shavings and other combustible rubbish.

Divining that his intention was to fire the brewery, that they might all three perish in the flames, Stuart rushed after Mosgrove. Though he could not shake him off altogether, he thrust him down backwards on his hands and knees, and, thus clinging to his foe, Mosgrove was dragged back again along the vats until they reached that one against which stood the ladder. Here Stuart stopped, to make a final effort to rid himself of Mosgrove, for flames shot out from the rubbish-room, and the smoke began to blind and choke them.

The trap-door, raised upon frail support under one corner, being in the centre of the vat, received all their weight, and the shock beneath it. In the midst of their stamping and scuffling, Stuart felt the stick, which served as a support under the trap, giving way, and, intuitively conscious of a new danger, in their dexterous movement got loose from Mosgrove and leaped into the vat. He landed on his feet at the foot of the ladder, and instantly seized Rose around the waist. Then they heard a sound to stay the fury of the cruelest heart.

As Stuart sprang off the vat, the unbalanced trap-door on which Mosgrave groveled on his knees gave way inwards, the frail support breaking, and Mosgrove fell into the poisonous barrel.

As Stuart's trembling arm touched Rose's supple waist, he heard the heavy thud which Mosgrove's body made as it struck the bottom of the vat, and then felt certain that he was suffocated by the deadly vapors. A shudder ran through him at the soul-sickening sound.

One moment before, and Stuart would have beaten the life out of Mosgrove in a fair and equal fight; but now his first impulse was to rush to his rescue, no matter what it cost, although he knew that no man could draw three breaths in that vat. If, however, there was any doubt that he Mosgrove was dead, he would attempt to save him—save *him!* Could he save himself and Rose? The brewery was like the woodwork dry, the fire increasing with rapid fury. It seemed to them in—they could hardly breathe! He lifted Rose; she fainted in his arms, and with her dead weight he staggered towards the main staircase. A volume of smoke blinded him. He looked at the windows. They were too high from the ground—the jump out would be certain death. He shouted for help; but should it come it would be too late. Another moment, and they must suffocate in the fire.

Was there no escape—no outlet? A thought! The hatchway! He stumbled towards it with his unconscious burden in his arms, unloosed the rope and tackle, planted one foot firmly on the great iron hook, grasped Rose more securely, and swung outwards through a door which he opened easily; the flames almost reached them as they swung downwards in the open air. They touched ground before a crowd collected. The air revived Rose, and as she recovered consciousness Austin cast a regretful glance at the little theatre, now all alight. The birthplace of his love, the scene of his professional triumphs, was rapidly perishing forever.

* * * * *

Rose inherited Mosgrove's wealth as next of kin, and on his marriage with her Austin went into private life. The war, however, swept away their means, and they are now both on the stage.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

"INCONSTANCY."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Write on the sand when the tide is low,
Seek a spot where the waters flow;
Whisper a name when the storm is heard—
Pause, that the echo may catch the word.
If the name you write should last,
If echo be heard in the tempest blast,
Then believe, but *not till then*,
There is truth in the vows of men.

Cast a rose on the stream at morn,
Watch at eve for your flower's return;
Throw in the ocean a golden grain,
Hope it will shine on the sands again.
If you again your flower behold,
If again you gaze on your grain of gold,
Then believe, and *not till then*,
There is truth in the vows of men. DAISY C.

AN ADVENTURESS BEATEN.

A lady about fifty years of age, the wife of a well-known merchant, was invited by a distinguished physician to call at his office at eleven o'clock on a given day. She went down, and found the doctor in company with her husband. He was the physician of the family. He informed her that he had a disagreeable duty to discharge. It was that her husband was entirely alienated from her, and would live with her no more; he would provide for her, and give her a comfortable house and maintenance, and with that she must be content. The blow felled her to the floor. She was taken home a maniac, and weeks passed before she recovered her reason. Her home was broken up, and she moved into the new quarters provided for her. It was evident that the husband had formed an attachment for another woman. He found the house that he proposed to give her, and furnished it elegantly from saloon to attic. He promised to give her a bill of sale of all the personal effects in the mansion. To save appearances she took a few gentleman lodgers. The man lavished on this woman heavy sums of money. He bought her the best silks and satins, sable furs and sacks. He doted all the bills she ran up at Stewart's. She passed as a rich widow from Virginia; received letters from pretended relatives about a fortune she was coming into by-and-by, and with these papers secured large sums of money. The merchant drew heavily on his firm, and was threatened with bankruptcy. Getting an inkling of what was going on, the wife consulted a well-known detective. He advised her to commence a suit against her husband, which she refused to do. "I don't want my husband, she said: "I want my husband, with whom I have lived forty years. If he could know what I know, the charm would be broken, and he would return to his home a penitent man." The detective undertook to work the case up. He visited the house, and had an interview with the woman, and secured one of the best rooms for a lodger. That lodger was the detective's own man, who was to gather up the little facts that would appear in the management of the concern. He followed the woman for a week, and paid special attention to the "husband" of the woman's sister, who had lodgings in the building.

He visited the merchant in his store, made an appointment to ride out with him the next day about five miles, to look at a fine coupe-horse, which he was desirous of purchasing for his female companion. Instead of finding the horse, he was brought face to face with his wife, whom he had not seen for months. The interview could not be averted. The black record of the woman's character and crime was laid before him. He saw how his money went, and what sort of an establishment he was supporting, and how he was the laughing-stock of his associates. His infatuation ended, and he resolved to return to town, denounce the woman, and forsake her. He proposed to get back the property that the woman claimed as her own. A little scheme was laid that turned out to be an eminent success. The woman wanted a few hundred dollars for her sister, to be paid through her "sister's husband." She wanted a set of diamonds for Christmas and a coupe for lady's day at New-Year's. A note was dispatched, under direction of the detective, asking her to meet her friend "at a well-known trysting-place the next day at eleven, to decide upon these little gifts desired. She was to remain there between 10 and 11, in case business should detain the merchant. Promptly on time she left in her coach, and had hardly turned the corner before wagons drove up, and in an hour from the house was stripped from the basement to the upper story. Pictures, vases, statuary, damask curtains, silver, etc., all disappeared. At two o'clock the woman of the mansion drove up. The colored woman wrung her hands in despair, the shield of the detective having kept her quiet. Almost at the same moment the hurry form of New York's well-known detective came in sight. He ordered the woman off the steps, and turned the key, saying, as he walked away: "Don't annoy that man; don't go near his store; write him no notes. If you do, I'll arrest you for your past crimes, and send you to the Island." The merchant and his wife are now living costly in their old homestead. But for this timely interference would have been another heavy failure in New York—perhaps an additional suicide.—N. Y. Cor. *Boston (Mass.) Journal.*

THE NAMELESS.

A little over a year ago a beautiful young girl, who is now forever nameless, followed a young man, George Bell Morrill, from Pelmyra, Missouri, to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Morrill was a telegraph operator. The young girl loved him and followed him with good cause, for she was soon to become a mother, and dreamed of an honorable father to her child. She went to the Home for the Friendless for want of more hospitable accommodations, and the lady managers of that institution, becoming aware of her condition, sent her to the Poor-house for shelter and care. Here her babe was born, and the attending physician became deeply interested in his nameless patient. It was in a paupers' ward, but it was evident the girl was worthy to lie in a tapestried chamber. She was, however, as well treated as it was possible she could be in such a place—at least in a bodily sense. Soon as the news of the family event at the Poor-house reached his ears, George Bell Morrill left Milwaukee. The next report lost sight of the case, and that was the last the public notice made of the nameless and her baby girl until another event revived the subject a few days ago. It was the announcement of the suicide of George Bell Morrill, a young telegraph operator of Brownsville, Texas. The dispatch said that whiskey was the prime cause of it, but it was a secret still that whiskey could not drug or drown. Morrill had heard of a nameless grave in the Potter's field of Milwaukee, and he had sent some money to little Georgia Belle, for so the mother and a good minister had named the child. The name itself was a last loving thought of the nameless one for George Bell Morrill. It was a pathetic appeal to a faithless lover and reckless father for protection and support.

Now the death-scene of the nameless is first made known. The dim windows of the Poor-house are thrown open, and there appear the mother and her child, as tender and loving and appealing as such a pair can anywhere be. The mother is getting strong again, her face is cheery, and her eyes—never downcast—are bright and full of the light of hope. There is not a shadow of shame on her features. If a shadow-thought ever comes, faith in her lover meets it, hope in *their* future drives it away, and the charity all around shuts the cold world out. South Philanthropic ladies enter. They come on a mission of good, as they believe. They talk of her room as a chamber of sin and shame, of her as a fallen woman. They picture her degradation. They ask her to make them a promise to sin no more. They kill her with this intended kindness. They had mistaken their woman and their mission in this case. The shock to that shrinking, true-womanly nature is fatal. Conscious of her own heart-innocence, knowing that she is true to her love, and believing that time would crown her love with wifehood, as she already felt crowned with motherhood, this rude charge of shame is her death-blow. Faith and hope and charity and life are extinguished together. Speechless, she turns her face to the wall and folds her babe to her breast. The philanthropic ladies leave, sighing over her as a hardened, incorrigible case. Her heart broke. When the next attendant entered the room, there lay a dead mother clasping her living child. The Poor-house farmer and the doctor and the minister, who knew the woman's heart, laid her away to rest with loving tears. None of the lady philanthropists were at the grave. Only three mourners, and a true Christian burial. Little Georgia Bell has been provided with a good home. She was worth saving, and those noble men who wept manly tears for her mother saw to it. Let no philanthropic lady ever tell her just what killed her mother, as an act of iron justice, and forever distur her peace. There might have been a pauper's and a suicide's grave the less, if the nameless had not been rudely awakened from her dream.—*St. Louis* (Mo.) *Republican.*

AN OUTRAGED BRIDEGROOM.

There was no happier boy in Minnesota than young John Atz, of Farmington, when, on Thursday last, he jumped into the home cutter and started his spirited horse for the home of blooming Miss Best, who lives with her parents about four miles south of this city. John was happy, for it was his last night of wooing. The license was in his pocket, the minister was engaged, and the nuptial knot was to be tied at high noon on the morrow, and the New-Year sun promised to rise upon his consummate happiness. The joyous young man had left the fond parents good-bye, and jumped into the cutter at o'clock. Merrily he dashed along, his mind full of the pleasant anticipations, when in an instant he found his head encased in a thick sack, and his hand and feet secured, while he had a fierce combat on the cold ground, at the mercy of four ruffian men. He could not see, and could scarcely breathe, but he felt himself placed beneath the seat of the sleigh, in which the ruffians placed themselves and drove off. He lost all consciousness, and his portion of the story must be left at present.

Before seven o'clock the faithful steed, that had so often carried his master to the house of his fair one, drew up unguided, and drawing a blood-stained sleigh, before her house. Consternation overcame those who expected the young lover. Search was immediately made, but no trace could be found. The alarm was given, and crowds of men who esteemed the young man joined in the hunt. Thursday night, Friday night and Saturday were spent in the quest, but in vain, until late in the evening of the last-named day the unhappy groom arrived at the house for which he had started so joyously so long before. Mr. Atz was undoubtedly chloroformed, for he has dim recollections of wandering in the woods all night and day, occasionally being overcome with irresistible drowsiness, which compelled him to sleep. He says he once neared a log cabin, but was afraid to enter, and he faintly recollects other objects, which, by his description, are several miles away from his house. He is unable to account for the blood on the sleigh and robes, as he is not himself injured in the least. There is not the slightest clew to the perpetrators of the deed, and there are several theories in regard to its cause, one being that there were religious objections to the marriage, and another that it was a huge practical joke. If a joke, it would have proved serious if the weather had been cold. Mr. Atz is highly respected by all who know him as a most exemplary young man. The wedding will take place soon.—*St. Paul* (Minn.) *Pioneer Press*, Jan. 4.

BOWLING.

NATIONAL BOWLING ASSOCIATION.
Official Rules and Regulations of the Game.

RULE 1. The game adopted to be played by clubs belonging to this Association shall be known as the American Ten-frame Game.

2. In the playing of match-games there shall be a line drawn upon the alleys sixty feet from the head or front-pin.

3. In the playing of match-games any ball may be used that does not exceed twenty-seven inches in circumference.

4. The game shall consist of ten frames to each side, when, should the number of points be equal, the play shall be continued until a majority of points upon an equal number of frames shall be attained, which shall conclude the game.

5. In playing all match-games ten players from each club shall constitute a full team, and they must have been regular members of the club which they represent for thirty days immediately prior to the match; and they shall not play in any team representing any other club for the period of one year.

6. Fifteen balls to play in regular rotation, and after the first inning no change can be made except with the consent of the captains.

7. In match games two alleys only are to be used; a player to roll but a frame at a time, and to change alleys every frame.

8. The umpire shall take care that the regulations respecting the balls, alleys, and all the rules of the game are strictly observed. He shall be the judge of fair and unfair play, and shall determine all disputes and differences that may occur during the game. He shall take especial care to declare all foul balls immediately after their occurrence, unasked, in a distinct and audible voice. He shall in every instance, before leaving the alley, declare the winning club, and sign his name in the score-book.

9. In all matches the umpire shall be selected by the captains of the respective sides, and he shall perform all the duties in Rule 8, except recording the game, which shall be done by two scorers, one of whom shall be appointed by each of the contending clubs.

10. No person engaged in a match-game, either as umpire, scorer or player, shall be directly or indirectly interested in any bet upon the game. Neither umpire, scorer nor player shall be changed during a match, unless with the consent of both parties, except for reason of illness or injury, or for a violation of these rules, and then the umpire may dismiss any such transgressors.

11. No person except the captains shall be permitted to approach or speak with the umpire, scorers or players during the progress of the game, unless by special request of the umpire.

12. No person shall be permitted to act as umpire or scorer in any match unless he be a member of a club governed by these rules.

13. Whenever a match game shall have been determined upon between two clubs, play shall be called at the exact hour appointed, and, should either party fail to produce their players within thirty minutes thereafter, the club so failing shall admit a defeat, and the game shall be considered as won, and as such counted in the list of games played; unless the delinquent club fail to play on account of the recent death of one of its members, and sufficient time has not elapsed to enable them to give their opponents due notice before arriving at the place of play.

14. A player in delivering a ball must not touch or step over the line upon the alley. All pins made on a ball by a player so doing shall not count. The pins so knocked down must be again replaced in the same position they were before the ball was rolled. All foul balls shall count as balls rolled on.

15. Should the first ball delivered on a full frame leave the alley before reaching the pins, the pins, if any made on such ball, shall not count, but must be set up again, the ball to count as a ball rolled. After the first ball on each frame, all pins knocked down from the effect of the ball rolled by the player shall count to his credit.

16. No lifting or throwing balls upon the alley will be allowed. The ball must be rolled.

17. In all match-games two persons shall be chosen, one by each captain, who shall take their position at the head of the alleys, and see that the pins are properly set up, and see that no one interferes with them in any way until the player is through rolling. They will immediately report to the captains any irregularity they may notice through the progress of the game.

18. Any club that shall be detected in tampering with the persons setting up the pins, or by any unfair means seeking to win a victory, shall, on proof of such conduct, be expelled from the Association.

19. Every match hereafter made shall be decided by the best two games out of three; the first to be played on the alley of the challenging club; the second on that of their opponents; and the third (if any be played), on a neutral alley, the time and place of playing to be fixed before the series commences. The club winning the greatest number of series of games on or before the September meeting of the Association in each year shall be declared the champion.

20. All clubs shall commence the series of games within ten days after receipt of challenge, unless they have a previous engagement, when they shall play within ten days from their last game. A series commenced must be finished within twenty-one days.

21. No person who shall be in arrears to any club, or has been expelled from any club, or who shall at any time receive compensation for his services as a player, shall be competent to play in any match; all players who play for money, place, or any consideration whatever, shall be regarded as professionals; and no professional player shall take part in any match-game; and any club giving compensation to a player, or having to their knowledge such a player in their team, shall be debarred from membership in the National Association, and they shall not be considered by any club belonging to this Association as a proper club to engage in a match-game; and such club so playing with them shall forfeit its membership.

22. Any match-game played by any club in contravention of the rules adopted by this Association shall be considered null and void, and shall not be counted in the list of match-games won or lost.

23. Any club refusing to play any other club in the Association according to the rules shall forfeit all claim to the championship, and all games played with such a club shall be considered null and void, and shall not count in the list of games won and lost.

A BUFFALO MAN dreamed that he was going over the falls, and he had his wife by the throat when he woke up. Next night she had a dream, and broke his nose as she struck at an Indian.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CRICKET.

THE PROSPECT PARK CLUB.

This Brooklyn Cricket Club did not have a very successful season during 1875, they losing a majority of the matches they played with other clubs. The club was originally organized solely for recreation purposes by the journalists, who obtained the privilege the club now possesses; but the object in view seems to have been lost sight of by the club-management of 1875, which, in their desire to win matches, dipped into the revolving business to an extent not likely to add to the wellness or credits of cricket in the metropolis. It is a pity that we cannot have a cricket club which will play none but its own members in the club matches—that is, not allowing a man to take part in a club-contest who belongs to any other cricket club. This system of having players who belong to or play with half a dozen clubs has almost given the death-blow to the game in New York and vicinity, as it takes all the interest out of contests club vs. club. It is to be hoped that the new management of the Prospect Park Club will reform things in this respect in 1876, and in future act only upon the plan of allowing no man to play in their club matches who plays in the elevens of other clubs.

The record of the Prospect Park Club for 1875 is as follows:

July 5, Prospect Park vs. Manhattan, at Prospect Park	132	to 63
July 14, Prospect Park vs. Staten Island, at Staten Island	114	113
Aug. 4, Prospect Park vs. St. George, at Hoboken	112	59
Aug. 12, Prospect Park vs. Paterson, at Prospect Park	44	39
Aug. 19, Prospect Park vs. Paterson, at Paterson	77	78
Sept. 16, Prospect Park vs. Staten Island, at Prospect Park	19	21

The following are the batting averages of the club, as prepared by Dr. Drayton.

BATTING—HOW PUT OUT.

	No. Innings.	Highest No. Runs in one Inn'g.	Total Runs.	Average.	Bowled.	Caught.	Stumped.	Run Out.	L. B. Wicket.	Hit Wicket.	Caught & Bowled.	Not Out.
1 Ronaldson	39	8	82	10¾	3	4	1	1				3
2 Errington	48	9	81	9	5	3	1		1		1	3
3 Davis	17	6	37	6 1-6	3	3		1				1
4 Peters	15	6	18	4½	1	1						1
5 Silkman	9	3	9	4½	1	1						1
6 Cressly	11	6	22	4 2-9	1	1						1
7 Dodge	21	6	24	4	3	3						1
8 G. Scott	5	4	16	4	2						2	1
9 Franklin	10	4	16	4	2	2						2
10 Sprague	17	8	26	3¾	3	3					1	1
11 Syme	7	4	12	3	2							1
12 Reed	7	3	9	3	3							1
13 Melville	7	4	10	2½	2	1		1				
14 W. Scott	5	8	13	2½	1	1						1
15 White	4	1	4	1½	2	1						1
16 Woodhouse	1	1	1	1	1							
17 Jarvis	2	2	2	1	1							1
18 Gregg	3	3	3	0¾	2	1						
19 Love	3	3	3	0¾	2	1						
20 Kay	3	3	3	0¾	2	1						

The bowling averages are as follows:

BOWLING.

HIGHEST NUMBER IN ANY ONE MATCH.	Runs.	Wickets.	Maidens.	TOTALS. Wickets.	Runs.	Overs.	Ave'g Runs to Over.
Ronaldson	110	40	6	64½	156	19	24
Errington	109	45	7	570	214	23	41
Sprague	84	15	3	190	69	11	11
Greig	18	6	1	91	18	6	1

AVERAGES IN BOWLING.

	Runs to Balls.	Wickets to Balls.	Maidens to Overs.
Ronaldson	1 to 2.84	1 to 18.18	1 to 3.00
Errington	1 to 2.66	1 to 15.09	1 to 4.01
Sprague	1 to 3.01	1 to 17.43	1 to 2.93
Greig	1 to 5.09	None	1 to 3.00

BASEBALL.

THE SEASON OF 1875.
Championship Club Averages and Professional Players' Record.

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS.—Av., average; R., runs; B. H., base-hits; P. O., put out; A., assisted; F., fielding; T. at B., times at bat; G., game; E., average.

We continue our record of the past season's professional playing, with the averages of Mutual, New Haven, Red Stocking and Washington clubs.

Mutual Club's Championship Record for 1875.

	No of Games.	Mutual R.	Op. R.
Mutual vs. Athletic	9	31	71
Mutual vs. Atlantic	7	80	22
Mutual vs. Boston	10	41	102
Mutual vs. Centennial	2	15	7
Mutual vs. Chicago	6	31	44
Mutual vs. Hartford	12	29	44
Mutual vs. New Haven	6	28	18
Mutual vs. Philadelphia	7	43	48
Mutual vs. Red Sox	2	22	5
Mutual vs. St. Louis	9	28	63
Mutual vs. Washington			
Mutual vs. Western	1	1	0
Totals	71	338	425
Average per game		4.61	5.98

THE GAMES.

Aug. 5, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn ..... 1 to 1
Aug. 13, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Hartford 1 1
Oct. 29, Mutual vs. St. Louis, at Brooklyn 5 5

AVERAGES OF SEASON OF 1874.

	Av. R.	Av. B. H.	Av. P. O.	Av. A.	Av. E.
Hicks, c	0.87	1.27	4.61	1.24	5.85
Matthews, c	0.63	1.11	0.32	1.61	2.13
Start, 1st b	1.21	1.10	9.10	0.32	9.48
Nelson, 2d b	0.89	1.00	2.11	2.14	4.25
*Hallinan, c	0.50	1.40	0.87	4.00	4.87
Gedney, l f	0.85	1.40	3.09	0.07	3.16
Holdsworth, r f	1.07	1.70			
Booth, r f	0.63	1.16	1.66	0.14	1.80

*Did not play in enough games in that position to give average.

BATTING AVERAGES OF 1875.

	G.	R.	B. H.	Av. R.	Av. B. H.	Av. P. O.	Av. A.	Av. E.
Higham, c	13	8	23	0.61				1.61
Hallinan, s s	41	27	57	0.65				4.32
Holdsworth, r f	65	38	83	0.57				1.36
Start, 1st b	63	49	106	0.77				1.11
Hicks, c	58	51	89	0.87				5.85
Gerhardt, 3d b	45	32	50	0.71				4.00
Booth, r f	59	34	75	0.57				0.91
Gedney, l f	63	23	49	0.36				0.81
Nelson, 2d b	65	23	47	0.35				0.72
Matthews, p	64	19	41	0.29				0.64
Barnie, c	8	1	4	0.12				0.50

FIELDING AVERAGES OF 1875.

	Games.	P. Out.	Ass.	Av. P. O.	Av. A.	Av. F.
Higham, c	22	7	3.66	1.16	4.82	
Hallinan, s s	39	46	122	1.17	3.13	4.29
Holdsworth, r f	41	83	12	2.02	0.29	2.31
Start, 1st b	63	580	14	9.36	0.22	9.58
Hicks, c	58	377	56	5.06	1.04	6.09
Gerhardt, 3d b	45	82	98	1.82	3.15	4.00
Booth, r f	59	84	13	1.27	0.22	1.49
Gedney, l f	63	189	8	3.04	0.09	3.13
Nelson, 2d b	65	103	129	1.59	1.79	4.38
Matthews, p	64	46	99	0.73	1.54	2.26
Barnie, c	8	32	2	1.45	0.09

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter and the line of business preferred by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws all letters, etc., to be transmitted between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P. O., MONDAY, Jan. 24.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Ella 2c.
Breyer's Com. Co., Manag. of Mary
Bailey, Ella 2c
Barry, Virginia E.
Bridges, Eloise
Bridges, Wenona
Briggs, Lou
Burger, Miss M. L.
Bitman, Mrs Grace
Bretto, Emma
Bassinet, Carrie
Bradley, Leonora
Breton or Bryant, Annie
Blossom, Mrs. "Nat"
Connolly, Sadie (song-and-dance)
Campbell, Mrs. Nora
Crabree, Lotta
Clifforde, Annie
D'Este, Helen
Estelle, Sadie
Ellis, Lillie
Fisher, Dora
Forester, Nellie
Fisk, Marion
Fisk, May (2)
Fisk Comedy Co., Manager of May
Florence, May
Granger, Josie
Girard, Mrs. Emlie
Gray, Ada (late of Albany, N. Y.) (3)
Gray, Martha (p. o. m. Camden, N. J.)
Haslam, Mrs. Neal (2)
Hall, Minnie
Hindle, Annie (2)
Hamilton, Mrs. Maude
Henri, Flora (of Henri Family) (2)
Helene, Belle
Holman, Mrs. H. (of Holman Co.)
Harris, Mrs. Grace
Heslep, Grace
Howes, Mrs. Frank
Irwin Sisters
Jasper, Marie
Jee, Mrs. H.
Kellogg, Alice (3)
Kerns, Mrs. Frank
Kingsbury, Alice
Kennedy, Nellie Palmer
Knapp, Mrs. S. L.
Lawrence, Ada
Lindsey, Jennie
Lee, Rosa
Louis"
La Verde Sisters
Le Brun, Eliza
La Verde, Mad.
Love, Ella
La Verde, Mrs. M. C.
Laurent, Ada
Magill, Mary (of Two Orphans Co.)
Malaren, Tillie
Montague, Louise (Trecalle)
Monsert, Belle
Morris, Viola (of Shay's Co.)
Mathews, Julia
Martin, Carrie (act-ress)
Madison, May
McAllister, Flossa
Morgan, Kitz
McDonald, Flora
Nelson, Nellie (late of Detroit, Mich.)
O'Brien, Norah (of Healy's Co.) (2)
Oates, Mrs. J.
O'Neil, Sadie (actress)
Price, Annette 3c.
Pauline, La Belle
Renard, Zella
Remington, Mrs. Jennie
Ross, Miss Bennie
Rosella, Mlle.
Riddel, Kate
Richmond Sisters
Rainford, Minnie
Robinson, Marion
Rainford, Alice
Stokes, Emma
Sulinlo, Millie
Shields, Tillie
Swinourne, Marie (2) 2c.
St. Felix, Leonora
Sherman, Bollie
Siddons, Miss F.
Speer, Alice
Stanley, Kittie
Schofield, Imogene
St. Felix, Henrietta
Venus & Adonis
Vivian, Sadie
Vincent, Ida
Violetta, Miss (with Jos. Paul)
Victoria, (gymnast)
Wentworth, Lu-lu
Watson, Louisa
Westran, Florence (of Norfolk, Va.)
Willis, Jennie
Whitland, Kittie
Willis, Hattie (of Willis Sisters)
Warner, Florence
Wood, Ada
Woods, Carrie
Zoerner, Amalie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aldine, Ed.
Andress, Chas.
Andrus, Prof. (magician)
Anderson, Mr. (advance-agent)
Allison, J. (of Australia)
Allen, D. R. 3c.
Arlington & Rice
Allvar, J.
Allyne, E. T. J.
Arsingstall, Geo.
Ayres & Co. (scenic artists)
Aubrey, Robt.
Ahrendt, Carl
Alain, (gymnast)
Brown, T. (2)
Bosco, Sig.
Benton, Chas.
Barton, Thos. (vocalist)
Bradley, A. D.
Bartlett, "Lew"
Bush, I. T.
Burke, Wm. (p. o. m. Brownsville, Neb.)
Beasely & Mahon
Burke, J. W. (actor)
Bridgers, Thos. H.
Buell, E. E.
Belmont, Chas.
Bailey, Col. Jas. E.
Brown & Sanford
Barnabee, H. C.
Barnum, Henry 10c.
Burke, Jno.
Bartalo Family
Blanchett, Chas. E
Bowron, Prof. Wm (leader)
Browne, Jno. H.
Bristol, Chas.
Boice, Chas. E.
Brockett, Joseph (minst. "bis")
Bryant, Wm.
Bates, Walter
Beasley, The
Barlow Bros.
Burke, J. M. (with Fabian's Co.)
Barrington & Martin
Barlow, W. (of Barlow Bros.)
Barr, G. (musician)
Bergen, Chas.
Conway, H. G
Coup, W. C. (2)
Cross, Ed. F.
Caffrey, Jas. (actor)
Coleman, Mr. (with Coleman Sisters)
Crosby, Wm. (with Sells' Bros.)
Cody, Wm. F. (2)
Colen, E. E.
Carhart, C. L.
Cole, Lewis (manager)
Caywood, C. C.
Connors & Kelley
Cole, L. (late of Boston)
Cornell, Harry (2)
Crane, E. Mills
Colwell, Jr. Michael
Chapman, Jno. C.
Connors & Madge
Crane, W. (with R. M. Hooley)
Connolly, Chas. M.
Couldock, C. W.
Cooke, Louis E.
Chase, Wm.
Chal, Ed.
Craig, Robt.
Chaplin, G. D.
Coleman, Thomas (comed.)
De Castro, Prof.
Dodge, Benj.
Dibdin, (fire-king)
De Vere, Wm.
Dixon, Thos. B.
Davis, Harry (2)
Dunbar, E. C.
Dupree & Benedict (minst.)
Delmar, Jos. (actor)
De Haven, Claude
De Haven, Geo. W.
Dodd, C.
De Judge, Frank
Dunkin, J.
De Rue, Robt. (with Female Minst.)
Dessauer, Saml.
Dot & Spark (with Female Minst.)
Edwards, Geo. H.
Eckert, Prof. Jno.
Eder, Matt.
Edman, A.
Florence, W. J.
Frenches, The
Fitzgerald, Wm. (actor)
Fisher, G.
Forbes, Chas. (manager) (2)
Ferguson, O. J.
Francis, W. J.
Frazier, Chas. G.
Fisher, H. (musician)
Forrest, J. W. (actor)
Fisher, Harry A. (actor)
Fish, J. Spencer
Fernet, Didier
Frank, Tony
Francis, Geo. (circus "biz")
Fountain, G. W.
Freeman, J. H.
Fitzgerald, Dan.
Fields, Frank (Dutch "biz")
Fair, Geo. A.
Forepaugh, Adam
Irish, Charles & Lea Co.)
Gorman, "Tony" (of German Bros.)
Grisie, Chas. S.
Gallant, W.
Grover, N. (manager)
Gray and Addie
Goulter, Harry
Gannan, Jas.
Griffin, Michael
Gilmore, J. (letter at Mrs. Orrilla Morey.
Gordan & Joban
Griffin & Rice
Gurr, Harrylee
Guy, Sr., Geo. R.
Gray, Oscar
Gaylord, A. E.
Gibbons, H.
Ganson, Jas.
Haich, C. A. H.
Hain, A. W.
Hancock, D.
Hengler, T. M. (2)
Henderson, Thos. H.
Hall, Frank A.
Haywood, Thos.
Howard, Jas. A.
Hamilton, Wm. (actor)
Hitchcock, George (adv. agent)
Herndon, T. J.
Howard, Rollin (2)
Henaley, C. E.
Howard, Chas. L.
Herne, J. F. (actor)
Hutchinson, Ass. B.
Harrison, J. M. 2c.
Howard, Joseph (Dutch "biz")
Hosmer, Harry
Harris, Jas.
Howe, Cady E.
Hanley, M. W.
Howard, G. C.
Hess, C. D.
Halluns, Geo F.
Herbert, Prof. W. A.
Howard, Jno. (of "Christ'l. na"Co.)
Holland, Jno.
Hibbs, Violetta
Hopkins, Mr. (of Shea, Ward & Jo. Emi'ent Sergt. W. H. L.
Haines, Chas. E.
Heywood, Chas. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hogan, J. (of Hogan & Lord)
Hill, E. M.
Harrington, W. (of Barlow Bros.)
Hernandez, Arthur
Hart, Thos.
Hanchett, David
Hall, Saml. S.
Hasler, Ed. F.
James, Geo. F.
Jones, T. V.
Joseph, Saml. H.
Jordan, Michael (actor)
Jenks, Jas. H. (pantomimist)
Jacobs, A. (leader)
Jones, Arnold
Knight, Chas. A.
Knight, Frank
Kaye, Wm.
Kirk, Geo. W.
Kidder, C. W.
Knapp, S. L.
Kimball, Wm. G.
Keeshin, Chas. H.
Kenyon, Chas. (circus "biz")
Kirk, Robert (of Miller's W. G. (Phil.)
Kirk & Drew
Lindley, Harry (comed.)
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee) (2)
Lannier, W. M. (2)
Leonard, Harry T.
Lanzberg, Max
Lacy, H. (of F. Frayne Co.)
Lyle, Wm. E.
Lavil, Harry (2)
Lent, Jr., L. B.
Lazelle, Fred.
Lamb, D. (comed.)
Leech, H. Harewood
Lamella, George (actor)
Lorraine, Harry
Larkin, J. H.
Lewis, J. Warren
Laiscelle, Lyman
Lavake, W. H.
Lamont, Matt.
Lamont, J. W.
Lyle, Wm.
Lalise, L. B. (agent)
Magee, Jno.
Maldon, Andrew
Middleton, Geo. (of Bailey's Circus)
McCue, H. L.
Murphy, J. K. (of Murphy & Mack)
Murphy, J. C. ("toothless")
Murray, Jas. (circus prop.)
McGill, W. (of "Mirror of Ireland")
Mayne, Mr. (of Wayne & Lovely)
Walsh, George (of Walsh & Allen)
Mayo, Theo.
Mahlus
McDonald, Jas. (of Bailey, Eng.)
Martinho, Prof.
Martinho, Prof.
Mayo, Frank
McWade, Robt.
Manson, Wm.
Mortimer, Harry (of Mortimer Co.) 5c.
Mills, Wm. J.
Mowry, Fred.
McHall, E. (of Woodson & Lea Co.)
McCauley, Charles (with J. M. Burke)
Morton, Jno. W.
McGill & Strong
Maeder, Fred. G.
Maxwell, George (actor)
Morris, T. (of Morris & Whitley)
Murray, Thos.
Marlow, W. (of Sloman's & Burke)
Mortimore, Harry (costumer)
Sanger, Frank (actor)
Stuttz, J. G.
Sage, Geo. A. 18c.
Stickney, Robt.
Sivals, Chas. (2)
Stone, Jno.
Stone, P. G.
Sheehan & Jones
Sully, Danl. (Irish comed.)
Thompson, Chas. J.
Tyler, Geo. H. (2)
Thayer, "Ned" (actor)
Turner, Richard (song-and-dance)
Terry, Ben. (with Forepaugh)
Thornton, Chas.
United States Circus, Manager
Volna, Geo.
Ward, Jas. M.
Ward, Jas. H.
Whitman, Chas.
White, Arch.
Dominique, Phil (of Wood, Geo. (with Wyman)
Wallace, Wm. C.
Welburn, F. W.
Walker, Harry
Walters, C. (late of Pennsylvania)
Warpool, Chas. F.
Wallace, J. C.
Whalen, Mr. (of Wayne & Lovely)
Walsh, George (of Walsh & Allen)
Well, G. Myer
Ward, Wm. (clown Ward, W. H. (of Dup. & Bened.) (2)
Washburn, Leon W.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Wise, Frank L.
Wilson, Charles
Wagner's Minstrels
Cal.
White, Jas. W.
Weedon, R. (of Wordes & Mack)
Watson, J. (actor)
Welling, Jno.
Welling, K. (p. o. m. Galveston, Tex.)
Williams, Frank
Wilis, B.
Wallace, J. J.
Young, Wm. H.

Mrs. Titiens does Norma to-night at the Academy. The management has probably learned wisdom from the past, for he has given her parts at more reasonable figures than those which ruled when the last spasm was given here. Not only this, but he offers another sop in the presentation, free of charge, of a copy of the libretto of the opera to each purchaser of a reserved seat. Surely this ought to fill the house!..... James is very ambitious, and hankers after fame. He now aspires to be an author; and, with the aid of the carpenter and the painter, to construct a play that shall "leave nothing to be desired." To-day, in his hurry to go to luncheon, he carelessly left with us about some memorandum for his play. We chanced upon a few of the least important parts, from which we learn that his new tragedy is to be called

THE DETH GRIP,
OR THE
FATIL BLO!
A TRADGEDDY IN FIVE ACTS AND 7 TABLUXES,
Ritten and Komposed
BI OUR JIM!!!

With the ade and advise of 2 emement collaberachurs, viz: viz: the paynter and karpinter.

TIME.—1776 (Stem) and 1876.
KOPYRITE SEKURED AND ALL RITES RESURVD.

The fragments gathered up by us fail to give a complete idea of the plot; but that the language is classical, and that the points are telling, may be seen by the following brief extract:

DYIN' MISER (*To Stage Willin*).—But mi gold! Wot will becum of that?

STAGE WILLIN.—*Leave that to me!* (*Tabluxz and grene fire!!!*)

.....Manager Daly is getting up a benefit for the Y. M. H. A. Of course you don't understand what those letters indicate in this connection. It is with pride and pleasure that we unravel the mystery, viz., "Young Men's Hebrew Association." In the list of attractions we find a Herod, a Hindu, and Bowers and Parks *ad lib.* [Pardon us, dear friends; it is *not* to be a zoological display, but the above are the names of some of the performers.].....This Centennial year promises to develop our industries on every hand. An accomplished actress, the architect of Forepaugh's fine circus, advertises a "*Folio building* for the pulpit, bar and stage." There are many weak voices that need bracing up a bit, and the lady ought to do well. *Postscript*—No derricks used to raise feeble voices..... Mrs. Lowery is not proud. No; she humbles herself before the public, and does not disdain to be classed with "all other artists" as Mrs. Lowery is to be commended for her self-abnegation. Now if *all* bad actresses were to reform, what a beautiful thing it would be for the boards, and what a touching tribute to the virtues inculcated by the stage.....Jimmy has returned from lunch, and he hastens to say that "Lurline's" proofs of skill are *water proofs!* What a proof this is that James was not invited to take beer!.....The extraordinary morning performance to be given on Thursday afternoon at Booth's Theatre will be participated in by nearly every performer in the city. Nay, pritheee, not so. They will assist the performance by their kind presence, as guests of the theatre. Surely, they ought to draw largely off the stage as on, for opportunity is but seldom given to see the players in their lives and habits as they are.....The walk of a certain humorist might be compared to the language of cele brated "British fair-wives," because it's *Billings gait!* In saying this, we mean no disrespect to either gait!.....And here we might be permitted to remark, without prejudice, that an actor who is a favorite with the "gallery gods" is always sure of having a *large circle of friends*.....Men and women who don't like to show their faces in public are overjoyed at the approval of the shant-wear-a-mask bill, for now they will again come forward in their innocent recreations, and revel in the pleasures of the masquerade. Poetry:

THE LAW REPEALED.

In fancy dress and *mask arrayed*
At the *masquerade* can the dancers flit;
You may waltz with the devil half the night,
Then with an angel should she permit.
You can flirt, you may throw open a range of limbs,
From the long and thin to the plump and fair;
And study anatomy all the night,
From the brilliant models that flutter there!

CITY SUMMARY.

MUSICAL NOTES.—There has been a slight revival in our musical world during the past week, and two most excellent concerts have been the result. Thomas' symphony concert on Saturday night at Steinway Hall—in which the bill presented consisted exclusively of Beethoven numbers—having been appreciated by a large audience. The executants were the soloists, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss A. Henne, Messrs. F. Remmerts and W. J. Winch, as interpreters of the vocal score, with S. E. Jacobsohn, violin-soloist, the New York Oratorio Society, under the direction of Dr. L. Damrosch, and the admirable orchestra, with Theodore Thomas as conductor. Beethoven's first and ninth symphonies were the features of the programme, and a concerto for violin and orchestra, opus 61, completed the bill presented. .....The other event of the week was the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, it having been preceded by a general rehearsal on Friday afternoon. The artists taking part were Miss Eugenie Pappenheim, soprano vocalist, and Miss Lina Luckhardt, pianist, with the orchestra of the society, under the baton of the conductor, Carl Bergmann. Selections from Hadyn, Reinecke, Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn were rendered to a most overwhelmeous audience, an experience which has been repeated at each of this season's concerts given by this society. .....Organist S. P. Warren and Mrs. Fred. Crane, contralto vocalist, rendered the selections given at the organ concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity Wednesday afternoon last.....Henry Carter, organist at Trinity Church, in consequence of having spraned his right hand, substituted a programme in which quick passages were avoided for the left hand, and gave a delightful rendering to selections of a more popular tone at his free organ recital on Thursday last, in place of the more severely classical ones announced.....Titiens and "Norma" will be the attractions at the Academy of Music to-night.

JENNIE ENGLE, Sam Devere, Emerson and Clarke, Alice Ross and Ed Murray, and Minnie and Maggie Claire are the newcomers at Tony Pastor's.

MLLE. LE FAYRE and Lyman Lascelle, expert gymnasts, and Harry Clark, comedian, were the fresh appearances at the Tivoli Theatre the past week. The grand ballet "La Maja" introduced Sig. Velarde and Miles. Ricci, Eveline and Amy. "The Golden Branch" is to be produced Jan. 24

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell continue at the Olympic Theatre this week.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD the colored Georgia Jubilee Singers, and G. C. Howard may be seen this week in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Bowery Theatre.

MISS BLANCHE CORNELLI, Billy and Maggie Ray, the Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe, Troy, and Lizzie Evans, Mr. Rice, Mr. Sharp and Miss Williams were the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's New Theatre during the past week. Miss Cornelli has a pleasing appearance, dresses with exquisite taste, and is a vocalist of more than ordinary merit. Her voice is a soprano of good compass and power, sweet and pure in tone, and thoroughly under control. She has evidently received her musical education in a good school, and the numerous encores awarded her by the audience denoted the endorsement of her merits. Billy and Maggie Ray won applause by their performances in a plantation sketch called "Uncle Eph's Birthday," the latter appearing in female attire in a white face, and in male costume as a negro boy. The ballet troupe is comprised of talented dancers, although few in number. Miss Bettie Remmelsburg, the premiere, charmingly attired, captivated the spectators by her skillful and graceful dancing. Many of her movements upon the tips of her toes were frequently interrupted by lavish applause. Among the coryphees the pretty face and trim figure of Miss Julia Fenton excited no little admiration. They appeared in "Le Jardin de Fleurs" and "The Beauties of Spain." The Brahams, in addition to some of their best specialties, gave a new musical sketch portraying the loves of a policeman and a kitchen maid, which was charmingly acted and proved quite entertaining. W. Henry Rice acted the female role in a musical sketch rechristened "Debut," in which he had ample opportunity to display his excellent abilities in caricaturing private donne. His debut excited the admiration, and, we fear, the envy of the ladies in attendance. His dress was of green velvet, with an overskirt and waist of gold-colored satin, upon which was embroidered in needlework peacock's feathers; and so skillfully had these been imitated that it was difficult to believe that they were not in reality what they only seemed to be. This dress was manufactured by the celebrated Worth of Paris, France, for one of the Industrial Exhibitions in Europe, and was purchased by Mr. Rice, while on a visit to Paris, for the sum of 2,500 francs ($500). Gus Williams gave the freshest of his Dutch songs, interlarded with witty sayings, which kept the audience in an almost chronic state of laughter. The people never seem to be satisfied with Mr. Williams' efforts, and he is seldom permitted to retire before responding to some half a dozen encores; and, even after his final obeisance is made, the long-continued applause intimates that the desire for his comicalities is by no means thoroughly appeased. In addition to the performances already enumerated, "The Big Four," aided by Andy Leach, gave a burlesque melodrama, which proved entertaining and contained many pointed hits at the effects introduced in modern sensational dramas. Later in the evening they were seen in quadruple songs-and-dances. Tony Pastor sang a fresh song, entitled "The Centennial," which proved successful; and with his customary good nature he responded to numerous recalls, repeating his most recent successes. James Collins and Martha Wren presented their musical duologue, entitled "Three O'clock in the Morning," which, barring that it was a trifle too long, gave satisfaction. The sketches of "Hero's Long, gave satisfaction. The sketches of "Hero's Return" and "Winkelspiel's Blunders" introduced C. Worley, Frank Girard and the Misses Jenny Satterlee and Sadie Deshon, not otherwise seen, and filled out a highly entertaining programme, which attracted a large attendance all the week.

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE, on Jan. 17, the reinforcements included Tommy Murphy, an eccentric Irish vocalist, who at once became popular; Mark Hughes, who in his specialty of "The Funny Old Gal" caused much laughter; and George S. Knight, Dutch comedian, and Miss Henrietta Mollenhauer, vocalist, whose merits have been recently reviewed while they were performing at another theatre in this city. Miss Lina Wilson continued her songs of the day, Eugene Bitz gave his Punch-and-Judy entertainment; Carrie Duncan vocalized; Charles Young repeated his ventriloquial conversations; Harry Montague sang the freshest of his songs, including "The Frenchman of Union square," and the sketches of "The Dynamite Disaster," "Snake Charming," "Elocution," and "March Winds and April Showers" introduced Charles Benedict, Charles Lord, John Hogan, Hugh Fay, and Miss Alice M. Kemp, not otherwise seen. Business fair.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell began an engagement at the Olympic Theatre on Jan. 17, and have since performed with crowded audiences. The overture performed by the Misses Anna Teresa Berger, first violin; Emmeline Anderson, viola; Emma Klaisy, violoncello; Georgie Berger, cornet; Etta Morgan, first French horn; Josie Maddock, second French horn; and Jennie Titus, trombone; Messrs. Albert Anderson, violin; Fred. G. Berger, bass, and Harry G. Berger, flute. After this Sol Smith Russell in character related the experiences of "A Boarding-house Landlady." For some twenty minutes he kept the spectators well amused. He is a great local favorite, and on his reappearance was received with the heartiest demonstrations of delight. A marked improvement, in both make-up and the delineations of the various characters depicted by him, is noticeable since he was last here. In the above character his singing of "The Elopement" and his peculiar gait while pacing the stage elicited shouts of laughter. Later in the evening he gave other character impersonations, including those of an old fogy, a dude making his debut, an imitation of John B. Gough, a school boy "speaking a piece," and a henpecked husband. Although all of these impersonations had been seen here before, they became freshly interesting because all of the dialogue delivered by the various characters was entirely new, and bristled with wit and humor. The Berger family performed a cornet-solo, which was rapturously redemanded and cheerfully accorded. Annie Morgan sang a couple of ballads with good effect, her voice having improved in tone and quantity since she was last heard here. Emma Klaisy performed a solo on the violoncello, which elicited musical intelligence of most of the audience. Two of the ladies performed some pleasing duets on the Swiss bells, and were followed by a sextet of male and female performers upon the same instruments. The music elicited gained much applause, and the artists were compelled to respond to repeated encores. For the finale, the entire troupe performed on brass instruments as a cornet-band, and won an encore. In addition to these performances, John Hart, E. D. Gooding, and G. W. H. Griffin gave the sketch called "The Wrong Man;" Miss Ada Richmond sang serio-comic songs; and Rooney was heard in Irish sentimental songs, and with his "Nimble Nip" wound up the entertainment.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON acted at Wood's Museum during the past week in "Across the Continent" until Thursday, and in "Ben McCullough" the remainder of the week. Business fair. At the matinees Belle Howitt in "The Silver Queen" and A. H. Sheldon in a trick pantomime were the attractions.

THE NOVEL ARRANGEMENT of the first-part of the entertainment by the San Francisco Minstrels served to crowd their cosy little theatre during the past week, and on several evenings people went away from the house unable to obtain admission. As the curtain rose, the stage presented the appearance of a handsome parlor, a floor-cloth painted to look like an elegant carpet covered the stage, a new and beautiful chandelier hung in the centre of the apartment, and rich furniture, upholstered in yellow plush, stuck out at intervals in a full circle across the stage. At the rear, through an opening, was seen a terrace with a flight of steps leading down a declivity. On either side was a wall surrounded at intervals by statues, and the dense foliage seen in all directions suggested a cool Summer retreat. The company entered, seated themselves in the chairs arranged in a line across the stage (retaining those positions until the close of the first-part), and the customary minstrel performances commenced. In the centre of the stage was a large chair for the interlocutor, and in front of it a small centre-table, upon which was seen an elegant silver vase filled with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. On either side of the middle-man were a single chair, a sofa capable of accommodating three persons, and two chairs. The only changes in the programme were "A Doleful Tale," sung by Charley Backus, and a song-and-dance called "Pretty as a Daisy," performed by Johnson and Powers.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE thronged to Booth's Theatre and filled the auditorium every night during the past week. On several evenings delegations from many private schools, accompanied by their teachers, witnessed "Julius Cæsar," and on Saturday evening several of the senior classes of Yale College, attended by the professor of ancient history, came to the city for the same purpose. On Thursday afternoon of the present week an extra matinee will be given, and Messrs. Barrett, Bangs, Davenport and others have invited their brother and sister artists now performing at the various theatres in this city and in Brooklyn to be present.

THE ATTENDANCE continued large at the Fifth-avenue Theatre last week, and "Pique" has now securely started upon a prosperous career. The ladies and gentlemen in the cast are thoroughly at ease in their respective characters, and the performances are highly enjoyable.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES the performances opened with the sketch entitled "Bergh's Pet," followed by Louisa Kent in songs-and-dances; Myles Morris, in Irish songs and jigs; Wenona Bridges, in vocalisms; Louis Alfredo and Harry Vanetti, in horizontal-bar exercises; Bonnie Runnells, in Dutch character songs; the ballet troupe, in Blondowski's new national ballet called "Roosters' Elysium;" Wiley Hamilton, in songs with changes of costume; Harry Osborne in male and female Irish character songs; Harry Vanetti in a club-swinging act; Ben Dodge in impromptu songs; Eurardo in a balancing act on the high trapeze; "The Jealous Wife," with Ora Leigh in a principal character; and "The Naughty Duchess," with Sadie Getchell and Willey Hamilton in the characters hitherto sustained by Rose Keene and William Forrester.

"ROSE MICHEL" is attracting an excellent attendance to the Union-square Theatre, and we are authoritatively informed that the management have no intention of withdrawing it, as was rumored. It is thought that it will run until the end of the season. Fresh vitality may, possibly, be given to the piece in the future by the introduction of Miss Clara Morris in the character of Rose Michel. She and Miss Eytinge will play that character on alternate nights.

AT THE NIBLO Miss Rice, Mlle. Bertha Belletti, Dick Sands and J. D. Roome were the fresh people at the Third-avenue Theatre the past week, and the attendance was large. Miss Emma Rice, attired in a short costume of pink and gold-colored silk of fashionable cut, sang several of the latest serio-comic songs which elicited liberal applause; she is quite a favorite. Mlle. Belletti was seen in the suspension feat, made familiar to the public by its frequent performance in conjunction with magical entertainments. Dick Sands displayed his skill and agility as a clog-dancer, over which the spectators became quite enthusiastic. J. D. Roome gave satisfaction in banjo-solos. The diorama of "Ireland, America and Rome," seen the previous week, was exhibited at the opening of the performances, and at intervals J. H. Ryan and Miss Nellie Vincent were seen in musical sketches, and later in the evening Mr. Ryan sang Irish songs in character; Alice Dunning combined her songs-and-dances. E. M. Carroll and his three sons gave "The McFaddens," which elicited screams of laughter. A great improvement in their business in this sketch is noticeable. Conroy and Daly performed an Irish sketch, and the closing Ethiopian act of "Sephistobolee" introduced George Evans, Tom Branger, George Daniels, C. F. Seabert and Harry Leslie.

THE PARK THEATRE closed somewhat abruptly after the performances of Tuesday evening, Jan. 18. The bill on Monday and Tuesday evenings included "A Pretty Piece of Business," "My Turn Next," and "Jones' Baby." Tuesday was salary day, but "the ghost did not walk," and it was decided to close the theatre until some fresh attraction could be secured. All of the ladies and gentlemen in the casts of the several pieces, save Charles T. Parsloe, whose place was made good by J. C. Padgett, performed on Tuesday evening.

THE KIRALFY BROTHERS play at Booth's Theatre this Summer.

W. J. FLORENCE plays in New York this Summer.

MCKEE AND ROGERS are at the Globe Theatre.

J. H. MCVICKER of Chicago, Ill., is in town.

MILTON NOBLES was the special attraction at the Bowery Theatre during the week ending Jan. 22. He acted Jem Hudds in "The Phœnix," which was preceded by the farce of "Hunting a Turtle." The merits of both Mr. Nobles and the drama have frequently been reviewed in these columns. Attendance good.

A SPECIAL LETTER, when misplaced, will entirely alter the meaning of a sentence. This was demonstrated in our past issue. We wrote that "Stuart Robson is to *leave* the Union-square Theatre after the close of the present season," and the substitution of an "R" for a "V" made us say that he intended to *leave* that theatre. A marked distinction.

DRAMATIC.

FROM ST. LOUIS, MO., our correspondent reports amusements to Jan. 21 as follows: "The great event in theatrical circles was the first production of "The Alchemist's Daughter" at the Opera-house on Jan. 17. As a matter of record we append the cast:

Mejnour	Chas. Krone	Captain of the Guard	
The Grand Duke	J. H. Schnetze		
	E. F. Knowles	Priest	F. J. Post
The Alchemist	J. W. Norton	Jailor	Geo. Berrell
Rudolph	R. C. Grierson	Headsman	A. Smith
Hans	Harry Curley	Marie	Miss Florence Chase
Wolfgang	Geo. Grey	Lisbeth	Miss Louise Lyle
Max	J. Brown	Widow Kruger	
Dietrich	P. Fahey		Mrs. R. C. Grierson
Franz	H. Jones		

The scene is laid in Alstadt, Loewensburg-Niedrlecke; period, 1200. The plot is easily told:

The Grand Duke falls in love with Marie, the alchemist's daughter, effects a meeting, and induces her to elope with him. While out hunting one day he is thrown from his horse and receives injuries which are supposed will prove fatal. He is carried to an old monastery, makes a confession, and is married to Marie by one of the priests. The alchemist, whose lease of life has almost expired, and who is half crazed at the loss of his daughter, calls on Mejnour the Wise, and implores him for the secret which will give him eternal life, in order that he might find his daughter. Mejnour complies with the request, and gives him the directions for mixing the life-giving ingredients. The alchemist commences his work, but is suddenly overpowered by the fumes of some poisonous chemical, and falls to the floor just as the Grand Duke and Marie enter the apartment by a secret passage. The alchemist lives long enough to bless his daughter and sanction the marriage with the Grand Duke.

The great act of the play was the second, in which Professor Pepper performed his wonderful chemical experiments. An astonishing experiment was performed with a mill of parchment, which, while held in the hand of the alchemist, who is reading it, suddenly burst into a flame and was consumed. Another is where the Grand Duke rushes upon the alchemist to kill him, is suddenly surrounded with a flame of fire. The ghost scene was also introduced very effectively. It would take up too much space to mention all the experiments. Prof. Pepper himself appeared the first night in the character of Mejnour, but concluded he was not a success as an actor, and quietly stepped down and out, relinquishing the part to Chas. Krone. The success of the piece is due in a measure to J. W. Norton, who did some of the strongest acting we ever saw. Next week comes Miss Chase in the character of Marie. Ed. Knowles was mere satisfactory than usual. The rest of the characters were more or less insignificant, and do not call for special mention. The Professor will take the piece to New Orleans, La., and produce it at the Academy. Miss Tony Pastor begins a two weeks' season at this house on the 24th. John Thompson follows on Feb. 7.....Frank Mayo commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Olympic on Jan. 17, and has every reason to be satisfied with his first week's receipts. 'Davy Crockett' was kept on the boards the entire week, and, as Mr. Mayo brings his own company with him, the support is as good as possible. Miss Josephine Laurens is the principal support, and has given perfect satisfaction. Chas. Pope begins a farewell engagement on Jan. 31. This will be the last we shall see of this favorite actor for some time, as he has made arrangements for a visit to Australia at the conclusion of his engagement. Business fair. Short Sumtner garden. The stage will be built sufficiently high and strong to admit of an additional gallery at some future time. The interior will be handsomely decorated with carvings, statuary and frescoes in light tints, and connected by glass doors with the Summer garden. The stage will be one of the largest in Philadelphia, and beneath it will be a pit for machinery the entire size of the stage-floor. No "flats" or "grooves" will be used, the scenery being all drops, and the wings folding back against the walls, so that, when necessary, the entire width and height of the stage may be used for spectacular displays. The scenery is now being painted in Paris. The stage will be connected by telegraph wires and speaking-tubes with the manager's office, in the front of the building. The basement will contain a smaller hall and stage, for concerts and other minor entertainments. Adjoining the theatre will be a garden 150 feet square, in the centre of which will be a large fountain, surrounded by four smaller fountains, with grottos, rustic towers and bridges, and a wide balcony extending around the garden on a level with the second tier of the theatre. A large stand, capable of accommodating an orchestra of fifty pieces, will be in one corner, and an arrangement will also be made by which an additional music-stand can be erected over the central fountain. The Messrs. Kiralfy have selected the best models of the various Summer theatres in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, etc., with a view of uniting them as much as possible in this building, and drawings, photographs and models have been secured of the most recent improvements for such a theatre. The improvement, we are told, will cost in the neighborhood of between $400,000 and $500,000. The contract of the architect and builder requires the buildings to be completed by April 15, and it is proposed to open on the 1st of May. One of the Kiralfy Brothers will shortly start for Europe, to engage performers and secure other attractions for the entertainment, which is to be first-class in every respect.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE from Cincinnati to the 21st is to the following effect: "At Wood's Theatre, Edwin Adams opened on Monday in 'Enoch Arden,' which was kept on four nights and the matinee, with Mr. Adams in the principal character. This was followed by 'Jim the Penman' on Friday, and 'The Robbers' Saturday. The pieces selected are about the most favorable possible to show off Mr. Adams to advantage, and have been admirably mounted, but the attendance has only been moderate. The regular company of the theatre figured handsomely in the support, noticeable among them being Mr. Russell, J. T. Craven, Mrs. Macauley, R. Graham, H. C. Barton, Laura Don, Mollie Maeder, and Jennie McClellan. The Annie Leigh of Laura Don, in particular, was marked by feeling, strength and finish. The island scene in 'Enoch Arden' and the management of the miniature ship reflected great credit on Messrs. Bruce and Cummings, the artist and the machinist of the theatre. Mr. Adams' engagement extends only the one week. On the 24th come the Florences for two weeks, and on Feb. 7 Milton Nobles in 'The Phœnix'.....The Grand Opera-house this week has been occupied by Mrs. James A. Oates' Comic-opera Company, who have done an immense business, the house being literally jammed each night at the performances given by Miss Jane Coombs appeared at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., the past week, in "London Assurance" and "Adrienne the Actress," to increased business each evening. She is a lady of natural talent, and has found full scope for her powers in the characters chosen. She took a benefit on Thursday night in "The School for Scandal." She appears at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, 24.....Jarrett & Palmer's "Henry V" will be produced at the Academy of Music Company, now supporting Miss Jane Coombs, together with Miss Alice Placide, will make a tour next (this) week to Shelbyville and Richmond, Ind., and Piqua, O., under the management of Wm. Lawrence Allen. Letter of Jan. 22.

"THE NAIAD QUEEN" is proving the card of the season at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., its first week, ending Jan. 22, appearing like a succession of holiday performances. At the matinee on the latter date, although a snowstorm prevailed, the theatre was crowded to a standing-room only. The scenery is the finest ever displayed here, and is the handiwork of a citizen—Brooker. The evolutions of the naiads and demons were very clever, and the former were rather good-looking girls—in strong contrast to the haggard women seen in the ballets in larger cities very frequently. Miss Rose Rehan, Gilbert's Schnapps, Mrs. Oliver's Mistress Bridget, Miss Mostyn's Idex, and L. Eddinger's Amphibio were the best personations. The Queen—Miss Ransom—does in, and has not a graceful carriage. Mlle. Bonfanti and Mons. Baptistan will appear during the week ending Jan. 29. Mr. Twombly, New Jersey, is the manager of the Troy Opera-house.....Harrison's "Two Orphans" Combination, Rand's Hall, Troy, N. Y., Jan. 28, 29. Advices of Jan. 23.

AT THE MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., "Rose Michel" is still drawing, and this week is announced as its fourth and last, and "Our Friends" is underlined as in preparation for Jan. 31. Other novelties gave the sketch called "The Wrong Man;" Miss Ada Richmond sang serio-comic songs; and Rooney was heard in Irish sentimental songs, and with his "Nimble Nip" wound up the entertainment.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON

AT BIDWELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, La., Yankee Locke completed his engagement Jan. 15, giving as his final appearance "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," in which the support rendered by the company was of a very acceptable character. Sid C. France in "Marked for Life" opened a week's engagement 16, attracting a large house, especially in the galleries. "Dead to the World" is underlined for production during Mr. France's engagement, and the Harrigan & Hart Combination will follow him, opening 23.... Mlle. Zoe terminated her engagement at the St. Charles Theatre 15, going hence to Galveston for a week's engagement, in which she is supported and accompanied by a portion of the St. Charles company. On the 16th Miss Kate Fisher opened at the St. Charles in "Macbeth" to quite a large and enthusiastic audience. She is ably supported by her horse "Wonder" (who performs his part with remarkable spirit, and intelligence), and fairly by the company.....At Mrs. Chanfrau's Varieties Theatre, Mr. Rowe closed his engagement on the 15th, giving his personation of Riel De Bourg in "The Geneva Cross." A revival of "The Two Orphans" was given 17 to a moderately good attendance. The cast embraced the greater part of the regular company, and the characters were generally well sustained. Miss Anna Hinckley fairly distinguished herself in the role of Louise, the blind orphan, and deserved the warmest applause of the evening, which she won. Miss Ada Monk as Henriette, Frank Mordaunt as De Vaudrey, W. T. Burroughs as Pierre, and Mrs. E. B. Vanderen as La Frochard, gave acceptable impersonations. A new piece, said to be original with a gentleman of this city, and entitled "Captain Fanny," will be produced 21, and on the 24th "Col. Willoughby, or Not Guilty," which has been for several weeks underlined, will be presented. It is rumored that several of the stars and combinations announced at the opening of the season have cancelled their engagements. Letter of Jan. 18.

E. T. STETSON began an engagement at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 17, in "Neck and Neck," which was repeated 18. "Valley Forge" was produced 19, and held the boards the remainder of the week. In the latter play M. W. Haviland appeared as Washington. Henry Dunfield as Bert Hawkins, Joseph Howard as the Yankee, R. C. Brown as the Dutchman, C. Webster (a late acquisition) as the Negro, W. F. Horton as David Haywood, Jas. Kirkwood as Walter, John McGregor as Sergeant Young, Louis Warwick as Capt. Percival, Walter Birch as Sergeant Jones, Mary Young as Fanny, Annie Horton as Martha Washington, Lizzie Hall as Mary Ann, Frederica Edstran as Mrs. Haywood, and Letty McKenzie as Edith were all good. This week "The Spy" will be produced, with C. W. Barry as George Washington.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE in "The Mighty Dollar" held the boards at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., the past week, and they proved a drawing card, as the houses were filled nightly. The manager deserves credit for the lavish manner in which he has placed the comedy on the stage, and the company for the meritorious delineation of the numerous small characters, which in themselves amount to but little, but which add greatly to the general performance. "The Mighty Dollar" is the bill throughout the week. The Florences open in Cincinnati 24, and Miss Jane Coombs opens here the same date. Letter of Jan. 20.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Washington, D. C., "Our Boys" was produced for the first time on Jan. 17, and throughout the week, John E. Owens appearing as the retired butter-dealer Perkyn Middlewyck, Solomon Smyth as Sir Geoffrey Champneys, Theodore Hamilton as Captain Arthur Middlewyck, Harry Lee as Talbot Champneys, J. Bird as the valet, Annie Mack as Violet Melrose, Minnette Thompson as Mary Melrose, Mrs. G. C. Germon as Miss Champneys, and Ada Gilman as Belinda the servant-girl. Mr. Owens does not seem to comprehend the spirit of the character he assumes, and is too much of a mimic, and he is too much for the part. It is a mixture of his Caleb Plummer and Toodles. Sol. Smith added nothing to the interest of the play, for it was almost impossible to understand one-half he said. Harry Lee is deserving of credit for his impersonation of Talbot Champneys—it was exceedingly well done. Mr. Hamilton as Charles Middlewyck was only fair. Mrs. Germon made all that could be made out of her part. Miss Thompson as the poor cousin was charmingly effective. Miss Mack as the heiress was not at all up to the mark. The Belinda of Miss Ada Gilman was a dashing impersonation, and achieved quite a success, and she is destined to become a favorite here. The attendance throughout the week was only fair. It will be a long time before "Our Boys" will be enthusiastically welcomed in this city. The Kellogg English-opera Troupe commences a week's engagement Jan. 24, and will be followed Jan. 31 by Maggie Mitchell..... Ford's Opera-house will be occupied during the week commencing Jan. 24 by one of Manager Ford's companies in "Foul Play." Letter of Jan. 23.

TOM, WARD AND A COMPANY are to give "Arrah-na-Pogue," with Tom Ward as Shaun, at the Opera house, Newark, N. J., Jan. 25.

SIG. VALLO is ready to give instruction in all branches of the dramatic and musical profession, and can be addressed as per card.

MISS ELIZA WEATHERBY'S success since she left America is chronicled in the appended extracts from the British press, which will be read with interest by her friends and managers. Her address is published in our advertising department.

Miss Thompson is, we are sorry to learn, unwell. Miss Eliza Weatherby has been engaged as her substitute. Miss Weatherby appears for the first time in Glasgow—we hope it will not be the last by many. Rarely have we seen an actress so qualified in every respect for the specialities she undertakes. Her appearance is charming, her style refreshingly modest, her singing most pleasing, and her dancing graceful in the extreme. She has left, acquired, and display great taste—so tasteful, indeed, as to draw forth a spontaneous burst of applause at each change.—*Glasgow British Daily Mail*, Sept. 14, 1875.

MISS ELIZA WEATHERBY AS SELIM IN "BLUE BEARD."—The celebrated song "You're a Fraud," which is the topical item of the piece, was received with a perfect storm of applause, and twice redemanded, a similar compliment being paid to Miss Weatherby's admirable rendering of "There is no Harm in Kissing." Miss Eliza Weatherby's Selim is the most attractive character in the burlesque. The actress, who possesses many charms both of voice and person, makes the most of a capital part, sings the songs with pleasing effect, hits off the puns with a delightful relish, and enters thoroughly into the spirit of the situation.—*Belfast Northern Whig*, Sept. 27.

It would be less than justice to Miss Eliza Weatherby, who essayed the parts Miss Thompson would have taken, to say that she came short in any degree of the purpose of her appearance. Miss Weatherby is a piquant actress, pleasant singer, and possesses the requisite amount of popular favor, a pretty face and fine figure.—*Liverpool Daily Albion*, Oct. 19.

Miss Eliza Weatherby as Selim fairly took the house by storm and charmed the audience by her exquisite grace and finish.—*Leeds Express*, Oct. 27.

The absence of Miss Lydia Thompson, much as it may be regretted, is well atoned for by the presence of Miss Eliza Weatherby, whose charm of style and perfection of figure as Selim could not fail to please.—*Manchester Guardian*, Nov. 2.

Miss Thompson did not appear, but her place in the part of Selim was supplied by Miss Eliza Weatherby, who is an actress of graceful presence and unflagging spirits.—*Manchester Evening Mail*, Nov. 2.

The fact of Miss Thompson's unavoidable absence need not mar our appreciation of Miss Eliza Weatherby's pleasantly energetic Selim.—*Manchester Evening News*, Nov. 2.

Miss Eliza Weatherby, who had greatly increased her reputation as a burlesque artist by taking the place of Miss Lydia Thompson in "Blue Beard" on the last visit of the company to Liverpool.....Last night she won fresh laurels as the Prime Minister in "Les Pres St. Gervais," being of good service to her in rendering the numerous songs allotted to her part.—*Liverpool Post*, Nov. 16.

The success of "The Enchanted Beauty" was largely due to the admirable acting of Miss Eliza Weatherby, who starts starring on her own account. In every feature of the character—as vocalist, dancer and actress—she exhibited admirable qualities, and she was thoroughly applauded and more than once encored during the evening.—*Era* (London), Nov. 21.

Miss Eliza Weatherby, specially engaged for Christmas as Florimel in the "Yellow Dwarf," acts the part with all her accustomed liveliness and piquancy.—*Liverpool Daily Post*, Dec. 30.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY played a three nights' season at Bainbridge, N. Y., ending Jan. 21, with "Richard III," to a large and appreciative audience, John Townsend as King Richard, supported by his several sons and daughters, and other members of the troupe. *The Hamilton* (N. Y.) *Republican* of Jan. 4 spoke thus of their recent performances:

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY.—It is frequently the case that a dramatic troupe go to a town for a short season, and have no desire, by presenting to the entire copies of bills they have received somewhere and at some time, to get a good notice inserted in the papers before they visit the town, but the managers preserve a very decided notice after the show is over. We admit of having had just that experience a great many times; but we did not expect such to be the case with the family which has just visited us, nor are we disappointed. The Townsends to lovers of the pure drama must ever be favorites. We had the pleasure of witnessing their performance on two occasions, and we rose to take in the last family in the highest order of histrionic merit. The part of Richard III in that representation was said by those who had heard Forrest in the same act to nearly equal that great tragedian. We hope to welcome the same troupe, which has supported in the several acts. The representations of Miss Constance were always very fine, whether in the pathetic vein, or in the dashing parts of comedy or farce. Mr. Bonnell Townsend was one of the stars of the family, and his appearance was always greeted with applause. Mr. Harry Townsend was a favorite with all, and the other members of the troupe were up to the mark in their parts. Such representations as this family have given are free from immoral tendencies, and form an entertainment which the best society may attend with pleasure and profit. They opened on Oxford, N. Y., Jan. 22, for three nights, and are billed for Norwich 26, 27, 28, 29, Canajoharie 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3. Charles A. La Grange is advance agent.

MUSICAL.

E. P. HAHN, leader of orchestra, advertises that he will be disengaged Jan. 22.

JOHN G. BOOR, cornet and double bass player, whose address find in another column, wants an engagement.

BYRNE'S SWISS BELLRINGERS intend commencing an extended tour, traveling by wagons, about April 3. A six-horse-band-wagon is being built, and the manager has purchased six handsome gray horses. There will be a lady cornet band and orchestra with the company, and G. A. Nevin will be the agent.

DANKS' song and chorus of "My Ole Home in Alabama 'fo' de War" is published by G. D. Russell & Co. of Boston, Mass. Price, 40 cents.

GEORGE BARR, B-flat cornet-player, now with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, will be at liberty after 26th inst. Address care of this office.

FRANK BRISTOW, solo-harpist, also horn and Swiss bell-player, advertises for an engagement.

"MUSICIAN" desires a position to play baritone and trombone with a traveling company. See card.

WM. LITTLE, baritone player, advertises for an engagement.

ROOT & SPRINGMEYER, music publisher, Detroit, Mich., has just issued two serio-comic songs for lady vocalists entitled "He's Not the Man for Me" and "When Johnnie Came Courtin' of Me." See card for price, etc.

OWEN MARLOWE was up for a complimentary musicale Sunday evening, Jan. 23, at Bonita Boston.

AT HOOLEY'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., the Kellogg Troupe closed on Jan. 29 one of the most brilliant and profitable seasons ever known in that city. The repertory was as follows: 17 "Talisman," 18 "Martha," 19 "Marriage of Figaro," 20 "Fra Diavolo," 21 "Religion," 22 "Bohemian Girl," matinee "Martha." By request of the many who were unable to gain admission to some of the most popular operas, the repertory has been frequently changed.

THE CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD CONCERT COMPANY gave an entertainment at Farwell Hall 16th, which proved very remunerative. This was the last concert of the "Lakeside" course. Another course has been mapped out, and will be as follows: Feb. 7 Caroline Richings-Bernard, 26 Camilla Urso and Company, March 14 the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston, April 1 Boston Philharmonic Club. Von Bulow comes Jan. 31.

"TOMMY, MAKE ROOM FOR YOUR UNCLE," "Hildebrandt Montrose," and other new songs can be obtained at Harding's, advertised elsewhere.

J. N. PATTISON is announced to give a piano lecture and recital at Titusville, Pa., Jan. 27.

MLLE. IRMA FERNANDEZ is to appear in Toronto, Ont., Jan. 27, Newmarket 28, Aurora 29, Bradford 31, Collingwood Feb. 1, Barrie 2, Orillia 3, Lindsay 4, Mill Brook 5, Peterboro 7. J. Gobay and W. G. Davis are the managers, with I. V. Strebig as traveling agent.

BLIND TOM gave three musical entertainments at the Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va. Jan. 21, 22, to good-sized audiences.

THE CONCERT given by the Toronto Philharmonic Society in Shaftesbury Hall Jan. 17, proved a good attraction. Handel's "Messiah" was very well gone through, especially the chorus parts, and reflected great credit upon the teaching of F. H. Torrington, the leader.

THE HOLMAN TROUPE have taken the Theatre Royal, Montreal, for one week, commencing Jan. 24.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, pianist, is to give performances in Montreal Jan. 26, 27.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. A. FLORENCE perform in Columbus, O., one week, commencing Jan. 31, Indianapolis, Ind., one week, from Feb. 7.

HIRAM HYDES, snare-drummer, advertises for an engagement with a circus company.

PRESS CLUB.—At Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 29th inst., will be given a grand concert under the auspices of the Press Club of that city, and for the aid of their Centennial fund. The soloists will include Mme. H. F. Russ, Miss Virginia Candidus, Miss Amelia Busch, Max Friedman, Felix Preusser and G. T. R. Knorr, with the assistance of the Young Maennerchor, the Vocal Union, the Philadelphia Horn Quartet, and a grand orchestra, all being under the direction of Thomas E. Harkins, president Philadelphia Musical Association.

MISS EISENBERG and her pupils propose giving a performance of the opera of "The Bohemian Girl" at the Amateur Drawing-room, Philadelphia, at an early date. Miss Tillie Forney, daughter of Col. John W. Forney of *The Press*, will assume the leading role, and among those who will also appear may be named Miss Florence Davenport, youngest daughter of E. L. Davenport, and Miss Josephine Baker. A representation of "Il Trovatore" is also spoken of.

GRAFULLA'S SEVENTH-REGIMENT BAND will give a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 31st inst., on which occasion Miss Julia Rive, pianist, and Mr. Arbuckle, cornet-soloist, will assist.

A PIANO-PLAYER can secure an engagement by addressing J. J. Greenbriar, who advertises.

PROF. J. N. GOODALL Jr., solo - violinist, etc., performs with Messrs. Tilton and Newell, and Miss Scaby at York, Me., Feb. 7, Great Falls, N. H., 8, and Yarmouth 9. He advertises elsewhere that he is open for engagements.

A PICCOLO and flute player desires an engagement with a circus or minstrel band. See advertisement.

MAX HROTEN, pianist, late of the Gen. Tom Thumb Troupe, who advertises that he is well up in variety business, desires an engagement.

VON BULOW plays at Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Jan. 28, 29.

E. S. BERGAN, leader of orchestra with Wildman's Comedy Theatre, is requested to write or telegraph to C. A. Dernstadt, who advertised in last issue as "A. D., clarionet," and whose address is published in his card this week.

THE HANLON BROTHERS—Lizzie and Harry—in their musical sketches and specialties, travel with Tony Pastor's Troupe during the Summer tour. Previous to this they announce a few open dates, to be secured through their advertised agents, Simmonds & Wall.

JOLLY NASH left Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 23, for San Francisco, Cal. He is to play for ten weeks in Maguire's Opera-house.

AT THE ATLANTIC VARIETIES, Syracuse, N. Y., the company the past week included Lottie Wentworth, Fannie Florence, Lulu Wentworth, Frank George, Harry T. Howard, and Fred D. Harris.

AT TOOLE'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., the company the past week included Frank Harsall, Harry Woodson, George Skelding, Carrie Herbert, Sallie and Clara King, Lillie Lindon and Sam Orme. To commence Jan. 24: The Daly Sisters and Murphy and Shannon.

FROM THE CARMALOUP VARIETIES, Fall River, Mass., the departures on Jan. 23 were Gay Linton, Lucy Adams, W. H. Vane, the Cooper Brothers and Emma Howes. To arrive 24: Low and Lena Cole, Sanford and Fielding, Kitty Stanley and Watson and Billing.

THE COMPANY at Meyers' Opera-house, Willesbarre, Pa., the past week included Andy Scott, Hattie Ellis, Lucy Forrester, James Sheeran, Kitty Smith, Harry Fenner, Jessie Warner, Sam Roberts, James Dalton, Ella Davis and James Porter.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Peoria, Ill., on Jan. 17 the new faces were Ed. Cullen, comedian; Bob Deber, song-and-dance; Dan Howard, banjoist and old man; Smith Travis and his performing bear Julia, and Kate Rathburn, song-and-dance.....Minnie Homer, wife of Billy Homer, Irish comedian, presented her husband with a boy on Feb. 23.

J. W. BERKLEY is requested to communicate immediately with Manager Shelby, Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE NEW FACES at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 16 were Nully Petrie, John Pendy, Manchester and Jennings, Madame Louise and Mons. Petrie Velle, Closing 22: the Weston Sisters. To open 23: Hall and Thompson, Annie Fox, Adams and Ransom.

THE AGENT OF THE GRAND CENTRAL, Troy, N. Y., received over one hundred applications to rent that property in answer to a few insertions of a card in The Clipper, only. There is a strife now between two or three of these applicants for the premises, which must come to an early focus of some sort.

THE OLYMPIC, Troy, N. Y., collapsed Jan. 18.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., there are to be twenty-one new faces added to the company this week: Sheppard's Colored Stagers, eight slaves formerly owned by Gen. Robert E. Lee; Sanford and Wilson, Crossley and Elder, the Joe Brothers, Jennie Morgan, Collins and Moore, Fagin and Ransom, Bob and Dannie Daley. In addition, D. L. Morris, Harry Bloodgood and Charles and Carrie Austin remain from last week, and the burlesque sketch "The Two Off'nus" will be produced.

NEAL SMITH and his troupe of performing dogs are now performing at Metropolitan Theatre, Newark, N. J. Prof. Smith advertises that he would like to engage for the tenting season.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to the 21st is sent as follows by our correspondent: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances this week were the Sage Brothers and Master Eddie in very fine gymnastic exercises; the same gentlemen also introducing subsequently performing dogs, and doing a hat spinning act; and Ida Carlisle, who sings Irish songs in male attire with good effect. On Thursday evening and the remainder of the week Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers appeared in sparring matches. A feature of the programme has been a burlesque baseball match between the Cincinnatis and Stars, the former being composed entirely of ladies. The attendance was quite fair till Thursday, when the house was crowded. The departures tomorrow will be the Stuart Sisters; Western and Walling, for Cleveland; and Shepherd and Whitney, for Grand Rapids. Engaged for the 24th: Healy, Clapp and Ella Saunders, Prof. Bradley and Baby Bindley. On Sunday, 30, the Wyman Brothers are to give an exposé of spiritualism.....At the Grand Central the only change has been the closing of the Leons, Mr. J. T. Leon also retiring from the management. The hall will be run under a new regime, and an effort will be made to bring it up again.....The Davenport Brothers' clever experiments, as performing with success at Shickling's Garden."

LADMEN'S MILITARY HALL, Philadelphia, is doing a good business under the management of J. Beissett, Erwin Thomas, the well-known clog-dancer, acting as business and stage-manager.

MR. WINNEMORE and Master Newman, musical artists, who have just concluded a successful engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., can be addressed as per advertisement.

LEAVITT'S new double stump speech, entitled "Topics of the Day," with directions for dress, etc., can be had of N. S. Leavitt, who advertises.

THE WINNETTS—Thomas and Lottie—Teutonic specialty artists, now performing at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., announce their first open date as March 20. See card for address.

THE GIRARDS—Julian, Emile and Louis—the Dupont Brothers, Miles. Zittella, Eloise Allen, Kitty Rowell and Minnie Seaman were the fresh arrivals at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 17. As grotesque dancers the Girards gave full satisfaction, and earned the applause accorded them. The Duponts did skillfully some very difficult gymnastic feats, and their knife-throwing was adroitly performed. The flag song of Mlle. Zittella evoked enthusiastic approbation, and the lady was repeatedly encored. Miss Allen, Miss Rowell, and Miss Seaman evinced fair abilities as vocalists, and all were honored with recalls. The Female Minstrels, proving one of the most attractive features presented, will be continued until further notice. Business big. W. J. Thompson has assumed the direction of the stage at this establishment. The departures 22 will be Japanese Tommy, who joins Kelly & Leon's Minstrels for a short season; Billy Emmet, the Girards, Miss Bowers, the Harrison Sisters, and Prof. Lawrence. Beginning 23 Lulu Tuttle, Adaline Patterson, Watson the manfish, Frank Mara, the Stewart Sisters and Mollie Wilson. Advices of Jan. 21.

CHAS. W. YOUNG, now playing his fourth engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, Albany, N. Y., opens at the Olympic, Williamsburg, L. I., 31. He advertises that he would like to hear from Sage Richardson.

THE COMPANY engaged at Noonan's Varieties, Ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, includes Charles De Vere, stage-manager; Linda De Vere, Sallie Bennet, Sallie Eldridge, Kate Clare, Jeannette Lewis, Mel Scott, Ben Wilson and Johnny Rogers, all of whom are the most prominent members. Variety talent wanted here at all times, as a reference to our advertising columns will show.

CAMPBELL & LEONARD'S Novelty Combination, under the management of Harry T. Leonard, is to start from Chicago, Ill., Jan. 24. The company includes Harry Leonard, George F. Campbell, J. A. Dulaney, L. T. George, J. C. Hector, and orchestra. Their route is Reisterstown, Md., 24, Finksburg 25, New Windsor 26, Uniontown 27, Union Bridge 28, Johnsville 29. Mayo the magician is to join 31. L. B. Williams is the agent.

ANNIE HINDLE is requested through a card to send her address to Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia.

BILLY HALLE, trick clog-dancer, can be addressed as per card for engagements.

PRINCE CLAUS and Wood advertised for by Manager Waldman of the Metropolitan Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J. The stage is under the direction of Jonas Hallawell.

THE "MERRY" AUSTINS joined the Coleman Sisters in Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 15.

SIMEON LEE CLARK is represented with a daughter by his wife in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 5. Both are in good health.

BABY BINDLEY and Crossley and Elder are to travel with Tony Pastor's Combination during the forthcoming tour.

CHARLES KONOLLMAN, Dutch vocalist, now performing with success in this city, can be addressed care of this office by managers desiring to engage him.

MISS BENTIE, who advertises, wants a partner for double-trapeze business.

HARRY MONTGOMERY, vocalist and sketch artist, is announced to appear at the Globe Theatre, New York, until further notice.

AT MOORE'S OPERA HOUSE, Youngstown, O., the announcements for Jan. 24 are May Marshall, Mlle. Leonora, and Jennie Scott. Departures 22: Eliza Simpson, to Indianapolis, Ind., and Finn and Noonan, to Toledo, O.

SAM SANTZAN was presented by his wife, in Indianapolis, Ind., on Jan. 20, with a son.

ALICE MCGOWAN, Dan Tracy, Ed. Lawrence, Walter and Millie Le Roy were the new faces at the Vaudeville Theatre, St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 17. Business is reported good. Departures: Frankie and Lotta Foster, to Omaha, Neb.

WHITNEY, ventriloquist, is to begin a week's engagement at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 24.

MISS IDA FOY of the Foy Sisters wishes it understood that she is not married. A lady with a similar name—Ada Foy—having recently entered into the blissful state of matrimony, many of Miss Ida's friends and acquaintances have confounded one with the other. Miss Ida is "o'er young to marry yet," and will continue to entertain the public with her musical description of "Grimes' Cellar-door," and her agile dancing.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the new faces during the week ending January 22 were Frank Dale, Tillie Russell in a clever act of rifle-shooting, the Misses Minnie Bird and Lillie De Berg in serio comic vocalism, John and Ella O'Neill in character sketches, and the Burton Brothers in an excellent trapeze act. Ed. Banker is the stage-manager. The Misses Alicia Rhind, Lida Kenyon, Montague and Tulethia open on the 24th inst.

TALENT is wanted at the Coliseum, Chicago, Ill. There is no wine-room attached to this theatre, and lady audiences are present every evening. Address as per advertisement.

N. C. GOODWIN Jr., mimic, commences an engagement at Tony Pastor's, this city, Feb. 7, where managers desiring to engage him can address.

LADIES that can sing and dance, experienced amateurs, or those who can play any kind of instrument, are referred to Davis & Cox's advertisement, under the head of "Circus-Girls," Friday evening on "The Princess of Trebizonde," yesterday afternoon on "Les Pres St. Gervais." The two former have been very fairly and flatteringly received by the daily press. "Les Pres St. Gervais" is Lecocq's latest, and certainly one of his most successful comic operas. It does not possess extravagant ideas in its situations, and is quite free from broadness and touches of objectionable buffoonery. It is indeed a rare work, and the cheerfulness it elicits is like a tonic draught of rare vintage. It gives Mrs. Oates an opportunity to display her undoubted comic grace as the rollicking little Prince of the House of Bourbon to perfection; and such an expert in the use of her voice, it is almost beyond any criticism. Mrs. Oates has a rare fortune to her and if anyone deserves success, little Alice Oates certainly does. All of the company were in their cleverest mood, and the fun was glorious.

The most enjoyable part of the performance of last evening was Mrs. Oates' introduction of Hatton's magnificent ballad "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye." She reached the highest notes with clearest success, and met with a most rapturous encore, which she tried to escape; but the audience was determined, and she sang the last verse again, and was again overwhelmed with a storm of applause. The party leave here to-night in a special car for Cincinnati, where they appear for one week, next to St. Louis, for two weeks, then to San Francisco until May, at which time they sail for Australia, to return by way of England. On behalf of their many friends in Evansville, we bid them a farewell, yet mixed with much regret at parting. Our old friend J. W. Allinson, who has visited Evansville as the agent for Edwin Booth and Edwin Adams, is now manager of the Oates' Opera Company. He always travels with first-class people.

VARIETY HALLS.

To Mrs. Whittingham,
IN MEMORY OF HER LATE HUSBAND,
MR. JOHN WHITTINGHAM.

A faithful husband, loving and true,
A father kind, a brother dear,
A friend beloved by everyone—
To us he'll never more appear.

To him harsh words were e'er unknown,
But mild and gentle ones instead;
His angry passions ne'er were shown—
Against him, none could be said.

It seems as though his placid smile,
His courteous manner, manly brow—
How many hours he would beguile!—
Are in our vision even now.

A bleeding heart he drains, but left behind,
A tender wife who loved him dear;
And naught can soothe her troubled mind
Or give her saddened spirits cheer.

"Is now, O Death, thy victory won?"
Thou thou hast caused this grief and pain
To her who mourns the loss of one
She ne'e can meet on earth again?

Grim Death, 'tis thou terror to mankind,
Whose ghastly touch we dread and fear,
Why summon one so good and kind,
Beloved, to all his friends so dear?

But 'twas kind Providence that called
And summoned him to realms of bliss,
Where death spreads not the funeral pall,
Where all is sacred happiness.

And if we all, like him that died,
To keep the golden rule do strive,
With him in heaven we'll e'er abide,
"And in our Christ be made alive."

EVERETT A. WESLYN.

THE ONLY NEW FACES at the Odeon Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J., Jan. 17, were Thomas and Heeney, old favorites, who were accorded a very hearty welcome. Departures 22: The Fieldings—John and Maggie—and Weaver and Harris, all to Philadelphia. The new people for 24 are to be the Vaidis Twin Sisters, Grimaldi Adams and Miss Lou Sandford.....At the Metropolitan, the new appearances 17 were the Carter Brothers in Chinese pastimes; the Brothers Norton—Frank and Joe—in a very fine juggling act, also plate-spinning, which elicited frequent applause; Baby Bindley, assisted by her father (Prof. Bindley), first in a musical duet on tumblers, accompanied by the contortionist, and later the child in character songs, both of which were lavishly encored; Herr Weiffenbach in his specialty of performing on sixteen drums at the same time, which is a novelty; Virginia Stickney, who is a favorite; and Miss De Mott, whose efforts failed to please, and she was discontinued after the first night. Harry Thorn, who was announced for 17, did not appear, owing to there being no one in the company with whom he could do his act. Departures 22 were the Carter Brothers, to New York; Prof. and Baby Bindley, to Cincinnati; Miss Stanley, to Fall River; and the Norton Brothers, Frank to Chicago and Joe to Pittsburg. The new people 24 are Neil Smith and dogs, the Poole Brothers, Admiral Dott, Ada Forrest and Connors and Kelly. Letter of Jan. 22.

THE OPENING of Hart's Variety Academy, Cleveland, O., on Jan. 17 was a grand affair. The house was packed from top to bottom before seven o'clock, and at the time the curtain rose it was impossible to get near the doors. Since the opening the house has been crowded nightly. The front of the theatre was decorated with the national colors. The company appearing are as follows: Harry Macarthy, Master Tommy Fish, Miss Frankie Sidney, Gilday and Gineven, Miss Belle Celeste and Frank Munroe, gymnasts; Alfred Liston, Seamon and Somers, Miss Ella Stowe; John Kernell, the North of Ireland impersonator; William Bryant, Bonnie Nelson, B. C. Hart, Miss Lizzie Mulvey, the Irwin Sisters, Emma Clifford, William Landis, Little Bessie, Bryant and Reynolds, the Neil Brothers, Johnny Goldrick, Sallie Estelle Macarthy. The performance opens with a minstrel first-part. The olio was so lengthy that it would be impossible to go into detail with the numerous acts. Yankee Miller opened on the 20th. One of the attractions for next (this) week is Wild Bill, supported by a dramatic company. There are no departures.....The Theatre Comique was also crowded on Jan. 17. The arrivals were Hurley and Mary, John T. Kelly, Alice D'Erina, Dick Durand, Cora Cashman, Clara Sidelle and Dick Gillespie, the large company of last week being retained. In the first-part the ladies were dressed in the national colors of America and France. Harry Clifford appeared in the drama of "Life or Death," and was well supported. Those closing 22 are Wade and Neary, Bryant and Williams, and Dave McCoy. Letter of Jan. 22.

WILL H. STOWE offers to wager a large sum of money that he has the best troupe of performing dogs in America. See card.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS and ballet ladies are wanted at the Columbia Opera-house, this city. Address Woolcott & Co., as per card.

MAGGIE WESTON, male impersonator, will be at liberty after Feb. 1. Address care of this office.

JOHN PRESSLEY, Mlle. Lea, John Riley, George Garland, and Cherrie Chapman were the fresh faces at the Adelphi, Albany, N. Y., Jan. 17. Frank and Carrie Lavarnie and Fanny Montague were also announced, but failed to appear. Pressley and Mlle. Lea danced an excellent double-jig, and also appeared in a sketch called "Blarney." John Riley's Irish songs proved to be taking, and hit the gallery hard. Garland and Miss Chapman appeared in a Dutch act entitled "Going to America," and succeeded in acquitting themselves fairly. In consequence of the non-arrival of the parties before mentioned, Holbrook and Hughes were re-engaged, and appeared during the week in their songs-and-dances. Those leaving 22 were Crumley and De Forest, to Detroit; Frankey Johnson, Holbrook and Hughes, and Fanny Reynolds, to New York. To open 24: the Wentworth Sisters and Quilter and Goldrich. Business large. Letter of Jan. 23.

THE NEW PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., did a very large business the past week. The programme opened with the sketch "A Gala Day in the South," followed by Charles Leopold in a mid-air gymnastic act; Eva Sinclaire in drum-solo and clog-dance; the Winnetts, Thos. and Lottie, in an act entitled "Love in Broken German," and subsequent double-jig; Jennie Engle in serio-comic songs, and Jennie Morgan in operatic vocalization were sandwiched between Mlle. Lamotte and Leopold Brothers in a treble-trapeze act, and Emerson and Clarke in song-and-dance, who met with a light reception; Sandford and Wilson in a sketch "War in the Kitchen," and Harry Sheldon in a jiggling act, and the bill terminated with the three-act drama "The Castaway," in which Mrs. W. G. Jones appeared as Mary Thrasher. This week another dramatic season will be inaugurated with Mr. F. S. Chanfrau as Kit Bedding in his play of "Kit."

THE FRENCH ATTRACTIONS at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass., are Harry Dixie, Edith Gibbs, Grace Elton, Keating and Sandstead, Williams and Mc. Carthy, and the pantomime "John Jumping Jack." The management of this house are certainly very frank. In their advertisement they announce: "We do not claim to be chaste, choice, refined or elegant." They certainly have no desire to hold out any false hopes to a confiding public.

PROF. MITCHELL, Red wing, announces his first open date as March 4, and advertises for engagements. He opens at the Third-avenue Theatre, N. Y., Jan. 24.

LESLIE AND AVERY, acrobats and gymnasts, advertise that they can be engaged for variety halls and for the tenting season.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the attendance was excellent last week. Murray, Reynolds and Ashton, Billy Carroll, Sam Devere, and G. B. Harcourt and Kate O'Connor were the new appearances on the 17th inst. Murray, Reynolds and Ashton's very clever acrobatic act elicited the most marked approbation, and was a pleasing exhibition of muscular strength and dexterity, some of their somersaults being remarkable for novelty and agility. Billy Carroll, a very efficient Irish comedian, met as usual with a hearty welcome in his characteristic songs-and-dances. Sam Devere, another great favorite here, evoked much merriment and applause in his banjo-solos, especially in the song concerning Tweed's whereabouts. G. B. Harcourt and Kate O'Connor turned their vocal abilities to good account in their well-rendered character-sketches. In addition, a series of twelve picturesque tableaux were produced for the first time, and proved a source of much attraction, the programme concluding with the Irish drama of "Tom Maguire," in which Geo. W. Thompson, Geo. B. Radcliffe, Harry Richmond and Miss Sallie Apt figured to advantage in the prominent parts. Ed Murray and Alice Ross, Prof. Mitchell, Miss Lida Kenyon and Sam Devere closed Jan. 22. The Winner Sisters, John and Maggie Fielding, Billy Emmett and Katie Howard open here on the 24th inst., when will be produced Spencer Pritchard's new play of "On the Watch, or the Shadow of Death."

THE GLOBE THEATRE is the name of a new place of amusement recently opened on Pine street, Lockport, N. Y. Messrs. P. Garvey and D. C. Lundy, lessees, advertise for first-class variety performers.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted at the Volks Garden, New York. See card.

AT MARZEN'S OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., the new faces are Maud Deburg, song-and-dance; Leon Whettoney, with his mechanical elephant "Bolivar," and Earl King, dialect artist. The attendance is on the increase.

FLYNN'S GLOBE THEATRE, New Orleans La., did an extraordinary business during the week ending Jan. 16, the house being filled to repletion at each performance, and at some admission being simply impossible. This pleasing state of affairs has been brought about largely by the great general excellence of the company as artists in their various lines; by skillful management, and judicious arrangement of the bills, reflecting much credit upon Marsh Adams, the stage-manager. The newcomers on Jan. 17 were Miss Alice Gilmore, a pretty and gifted interpretess of song-and-dance, who was received with rounds of applause; Miss Nellie Taylor, in sentimental vocalisms, displayed a voice of much power and sweetness, and won several encores; and Miss Chrissie Morell, who was well received. On the 16th James Flynn received a rousing testimonial benefit, the house being insufficient for the accommodation of the audience. Departures: Miss Minnie Gray, to Pensacola; Misco and Ashton and Miss Jennis Misco, to Galveston; and Miss Della Gonzales, destination unknown. Letter of Jan. 18.

CHARLES H. SHEFFER, George S. Nelson, and Miss Angie Schott were the new appearances at the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Jan. 17. The managers have been unfortunate of late in regard to disappointments: hardly a week passes but some artist is sick or misses connection, and the audiences have commenced to look upon apologies as a part of the programme. Last week Miss Grant, billed as the stellar attraction, failed to connect. This week the D'Omers, possessing the largest space on the programme, did not come, on account of sickness. Heffer and Nelson appeared in a short act, entitled "The Mischievous Boy," in which they introduced their specialties, but with only fair success. Miss Schott delighted the audience with her "Masks and Faces," a splendid act, and was the recipient of several encores. The Dawn of Childhood depart 22 for Chicago. Gotti Brown closes same date. Jenny Leslie is billed for the 24th. Advices of Jan. 20.

AT SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE, Grand Rapids, Mich., the past week, the new arrivals were the Bennett Sisters, who do some good dancing; Savoy, in his singing and dancing specialties, and Miss Lizzie Byron in Dutch acts; and Miss Lotha Weber, a young lady who has chosen the stage as a profession, and who at once became popular. She has a sweet, though not powerful voice. Adams and Ranson and Hall and Thompson close 22, going to the Theatre Comique, St. Louis. Maggie Nichols is to open 24. Business continues excellent. Letter of Jan. 22.

AT

TERMS.

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SIXTH ANNUAL AMERICAN TOUR,
will travel by wagon and GO WEST.
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